







64-2-16

THE
Lucky Chance,
OR AN
ALDERMAN'S
Bargain.

A
COMEDY.

As it is Acted by their M^AJESTY'S
Servants.

Written by Mrs. A. BEHN.

This may be Printed, April 23. 1686. R. P.

L O N D O N,

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Vine-Court, Middle-Temple. 1687.

VOZGODA

1811

1811

To the Right Honourable *Laurence*, Lord
Hyde, Earl of *Rochester*, one of his
Majesty's most Honourable Privy
Council, Lord High Treasurer of Eng-
land, and Knight of the Noble Order
of the Garter.

My Lord,

WHEN I consider how Ancient and Honourable a
Date Plays have born, how they have been the pe-
culiar Care of the most Illustrious Persons of
Greece and Rome, who strove as much to outdoe each other in
Magnificence, (when by Turns they manag'd the great Business
of the Stage, as if they had contended for the Victory of the
Universe:). I say, my Lord, when I consider this, I with the
greater Assurance most humbly address this Comedy to your
Lordship, since by Right of Antient Custom, the Patronage of
Plays belong'd only to the great Men, and chiefest Magistrates.
Cardinal *Richelieu*, that great and wise Statesman, said, That
there was no surer Testimony to be given of the flourishing
Greatness of a State, than publick Pleasures and Divertise-
ments — for they are, says he — the Schools of Vertue,
where Vice is always either punish'd, or disdain'd. They are secret
Instructions to the People, in things that 'tis impossible to in-
fuse into them any other Way. 'Tis Example that prevails
above Reason or Divine Precepts. (Philosophy not un-
derstood by the Multitude;) 'tis Example alone that inspires
Morality, and best establishes Vertue. I have my self known
a Man, whom neither Conscience nor Religion could persuade
to Loyalty, who with beholding in our Theatre a Modern Pali-
tician

The Epistle Dedicatory.

all his Colours, was converted, and quitted the Party.

The Abbot of Aubignac, to shew that Plays have been ever held most important to the very Political Part of Government, says, The Philosophy of Greece, and the Majesty and Wisdom of the Romans, did equally concern their Great Men in making them Venerable, Noble and Magnificent; Venerable, by their Consecration to their Gods: Noble, by being govern'd by their chiefest Men; and their Magnificency was from the publick Treasury, and the liberal Contributions of their Noble Men.

It being undeniable then, that Plays and publick Diversions were thought by the Greatest and Wisest of States, one of the most essential Parts of good Government, and in which so many great Persons were interested; suffer me to beg your Lordships Patronage for this little Endeavour, and believe it not below the Grandure of your Birth and State, the Illustrious Places you so justly hold in the Kingdom, nor your Illustrious Relation to the greatest Monarch of the World, to afford it the Glory of your Protection; since it is the Product of a Heart and Pen, that always faithfully serv'd that Royal Cause, to which your Lordship is by many Tyes so firmly fast. It approaches you with that absolute Veneration, that all the World is oblig'd to pay you; and has no other Design than to express my sense of those excellent Vertues, that make your Lordship so truly admir'd and lov'd. Amongst which we find those two so rare in a Great Man and a Statesman, those of Gracious Speech and easie Access, and I believe none were ever sent from your Presence dissatisfied. You have an Art to please even when you deny; and something in your Look and Voice has an Air so greatly good, it recompences even for Disappointment, and we never leave your Lordship but with Blessings. It is no less our Admiration, to behold with what Serenity and perfect Conduct, that great Part of the Nations Business is carry'd on, by one single Person; who having to do with so vast Numbers of Men of all Qualities, Interests and Humours, nevertheless all are well satisf'd, and none complain of Oppression, but all is done with Gentleness and Silence, as if (like the first Creator) you cou'd finish all by a Word.

The Epistle Dedicatory.

Word. You have, my Lord, a Judgment so piercing and solid, a Wisdom so quick and clear, and a Fortitude so truly Noble, that those Fatigues of State, that wou'd even sink a Spirit of less Magnitude, is by yours accomplish'd without Toil, or any Appearance of that harsh and crabbed Austerity, that is usually put on by the busy Great. You, my Lord, support the Globe, as if you did not feel its Weight; nor so much as seem to bend beneath it: Your Zeal for the Glorious Monarch you love and serve, makes all things a Pleasure that advance his Interest, which is so absolutely your Care. You are, my Lord, by your generous Candor, your unbiass'd Justice, your Sweetness, Affability and Condescending Goodness (those never-failing Marks of Greatness) above that Envy which reigns in Courts, and is aim'd at the most elevated Fortunes and Noblest Favourites of Princes: And when they consider your Lordship with all the Abilities and Wisdom of a great Counsellor, your unblemish'd Vertue, your unshaken Loyalty, your constant Industry for the Publick Good, how all things under your Part of Swan have been refin'd and purg'd from those Grossnesses, Frauds, Briberys, and Grievances, beneath which so many of his Majesty's Subjects groan'd, when we see Merit establish'd and prefer'd, and Vice discourag'd; it imposes Silence on Malice it self, and compells 'em to bless his Majesty's Choice of such a Pillar of the State, such a Patron of Vertue.

Long may your Lordship live to remain in this most Honourable Station, that his Majesty may be serv'd with an entire Fidelity, and the Nation be render'd perfectly Happy. Since from such Heads and Hearts, the Monarch reaps his Glory, and the Kingdom receives its Safety and Tranquillity, This is the unfeign'd Prayer of

My Lord,

Your Lordships most Humble,

And most Obedient Servant.

A. Behn.

Preface.

P R E F A C E.

THe little Obligation I have to some of the witty Sparks and Poets of the Town, has put me on a Vindication of this Comedy from those Centures that Malice, and ill Nature have thrown upon it, tho in vain: The Poets I heartily excuse, since there is a sort of Self-Interest in their Malice, which I shou'd rather call a witty Way they have in this Age, of Railing at every thing they find with pain successful, and never to shew good Nature and speak well of any thing; but when they are sure his damnd, then they afford it that worse Scandal, their Pity. And nothing makes them so thorough-Rich in an Enemy as a full Third Day, that's Crime enough to load it with all manner of Infamy; and when they can no other way prevail with the Town, they charge it with the old never failing Scandal ——— That 'tis not fit for the Ladys: As if (if it were as they falsely give it out) the Ladys were oblig'd to hear Indecencys only from their Pens and Plays and some of them have ventur'd to treat 'em as Courtesly as 'twas possible, without the least Reproach from them; and in some of their most Celebrated Plays have entertained 'em with things, that if I should here strip from their Wit and Occasion that conducts 'em in and makes them proper, their fair Cheeks would perhaps wear a natural Colour at the reading them: yet are never taken Notice of, because a Man writ them, and they may hear that from them they blush at from a Woman. ——— But I make a Challenge to any Person of common Sense and Reason ——— that is not wilfully bent on ill Nature, and will in spite of Sense wrest a double *Emendre* from every thing, lying upon the Catch for a Jest or a Quibble, like a Rook for a Cully; but any unprejudic'd Person that knows not the Author, to read any of my Comedys and compare 'em with others of this Age, and if they find one Word that can offend the chastest Ear, I will submit to all their peevish Cavills; but Right or Wrong they must be Criminal because a Woman's; condemning them without having the Christian Charity, to examine whether it be guilty or not, with reading, comparing, or thinking; the Ladies taking up any Scandal on Trust from some conceited Sparks, who will in spite of Nature be Wits and *Beams*; then scatter it for Authentick all over the Town and Court, poisoning of others Judgments

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most wish their false Notions, condemning it to worse than Death, Loss of Fame. And to fortify their Detraction, charge me with all the Plays that have ever been offensive; though I wish with all their Faults I had been the Author of some of those they have honour'd me with.

For the farther Justification of this Play; it being a Comedy of Intrigue, Dr. Davenant out of Respect to the Commands he had from Court, to take great Care that no Indecency should be in Plays, sent for it and nicely look't it over, putting out any thing he but imagin'd the Criticks would play with. After that, Sir Roger L'Estrange read it and licens'd it, and found no such Faults as 'tis charg'd with: Then Mr. Killigrew, who more severe than any, from the strict Order he had, perus'd it with great Circumspection; and lastly the Master Players, who you will I hope in some Measure esteem Judges of Decency and their own Interest, having been so many Years Prentice to the Trade of Judging.

I say, after all these Supervisors the Ladye may be convinc'd, they left nothing that cou'd offend, and the Men of their unjust Reflections on so many Judges of Wit and Decency. When it happens that I challenge any one, to point me out the least Expression of what some have made their Discourse, they cry, *That Mr. Leigh opens his Night Gown, when he comes into the Bride-chamber*; if he do, which is a Jest of his own making, and which I never saw, I hope he has his Cloaths on underneath. And if so, where is the Indecency? I have seen in that admirable Play of *Oedipus*, the Gown open'd wide, and the Man shown in his Drawers and Wastecoa, and never thought it an Offence before. Another crys, *Why we know not what they mean, when the Man takes a Woman off the Stage, and another is thereby cuckolded*; is that any more than you see in the most Celebrated of your Plays? as the *City Politicks*, the *Lady Mayoresse*, and the *Old Lawyers Wife*, who goes with a Man she never saw before, and comes out again the joyfull'st Woman alive, for having made her Husband a Cuckold with such Dexterity, and yet I see nothing unnatural nor obscene: 'tis proper for the Characters. So in that lucky Play of the *London Cuckolds*, not to recite Particulars. And in that good Comedy of *Sir Courtly Nice*, the *Taylor to the young Lady*——in the fam'd *Sir Fopling Dorsmont* and *Relinda*, see the very Words——In *Valentinian*, see the Scene between the *Court Bawds*. And *Valentinian* all loose and ruff'd a Moment after the Rape, and all this you see without scandal, and a thousand others. The *Moor of Venice* in many places. The *Maids Tragedy*——see the Scene of undressing the Bride, and between the *King* and *Amintor*, and after between the *King* and *Eucadne*——All these I Name as some of the best Plays I know; If I should repeat the Words express in these Scenes I mention, I might justly be charg'd

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with some ill Manners, and very little Modesty, and yet they so naturally fall into the places they are designed for, and so are proper for the Business, that there is not the least Fault to be found with them; though I say those things in any of mine wou'd damn the whole Piece, and alarm the Town. Had I a Day or two's time, as I have scarce so many Hours to write this in (the Play being all printed off, and the Press waiting,) I would sum up all your Belov'd Plays, and all the things in them that are past with such Silence by; because written by Men: such Masculine Strokes in me, must not be allow'd. I must conclude those Women (if there be any such) greater Criticks in that sort of Conversation than my self, who find any of that sort in mine, or any thing that can justly be reprov'd. But this I say by dint of Reason or Comparison to convince the obstinate Criticks, whose Business is to find Fault, if not by a loose and gross Imagination to create them, for they must either find the Jest, or make it; and those of this sort fall to my share, they find Faults of another kind for the Men Writers. And this one thing I will venture to say, though against my Nature, because it has a Vanity in it: That had the Plays I have writ come forth under any Mans Name, and never known to have been mine; I appeal to all unbiass'd Judges of Sense, if they had not said that Person had made as many good Comedies, as any one Man that has writ in our Age; but a Devil gn't the Woman damns the Poet.

Ladies, for its further Justification to you, be pleas'd to know, that the first Copy of this Play was read by several Ladys of very great Quality, and unquestioned Fame, and received their most favourable Opinion, not one charging it with the Crime, that some have been pleas'd to find in the Acting. Other Ladys who saw it more than once, whose Quality and Vertue can sufficiently justify any thing they design to favour, were pleas'd to say, they found an Entertainment in it very far from scandalous; and for the Generality of the Town, I found by my Receipts it was not thought so Criminal. However, that shall not be an Incouragement to me to trouble the Criticks with new Occasion of affronting me, for endeavouring at least to divert; and at this rate, both the few Poets that are left, and the Players who toil in vain, will be weary of their Trade.

I cannot omit to tell you, that a Wit of the Town, a Friend of mine at *Will's* Coffee House, the first Night of the Play, cry'd it down as much as in him lay, who before had read it and assured me he never saw a prettier Comedy. So complaisant one, pestilent Wit will be to another, and in the full Cry make his Noise too; but since 'tis to the witty Few I speak, I hope the better Judges will take no Offence, to whom I am oblig'd for better Judgments; and those I hope will be so kind to me, knowing my Conversation not at all addicted to the Indecencys alledged, that I would much less practice

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it in a Play, that must stand the Test of the censuring World. And I must want common Sense, and all the Degrees of good Manners, renouncing my Fame, all Modesty and Interest for a silly Sawcy, fruitless Jest, to make Fools laugh, and Women blush, and wise Men asham'd; My self all the while, if I had been guilty of this Crime charg'd to me, remaining the only stupid, insensible. Is this likely, is this reasonable to be believ'd by any body, but the wilfully blind? All I ask, is the Priviledge for my Masculine Part the Poet in me, (if any such you will allow me) to tread in those successful Paths my Predecessors have so long thriv'd in, to take those Measures that both the Ancient and Modern Writers have set me, and by which they have pleas'd the World so well. If I must not, because of my Sex, have this Freedom, but that you will usurp all to your selves; I lay down my Quill, and you shall hear no more of me, no not so much as to make Comparisons, because I will be kinder to my Brothers of the Pen, than they have been to a defenceless Woman; for I am not content to write for a Third day only. I value Fame as much as if I had been born a Hero; and if you rob me of that, I can retire from the ungrateful World, and scorn its fickle Favours.

PROLOGUE

Spoken by Mr. Jevon.

*S*ince with Old Plays you have so long been cloy'd,
As with a Mistress many Tears enjoy'd:
How briskly dear Variety you pursue;
Nay though for worse ye change, ye will have New.
Widdows take heed, some of you in fresh Youth
Have been th' un pity'd Martyrs of this Truth.
When for a drunken Sot, that had kind hours,
And taking their own Freedoms, left you yours;
'Twas your deliberate Choice your Days to pass
With a damn'd, sober self-admiring Ass;
Who thinks good usage for the Sex unfit,
And slights ye out of Sparkishness and Wit.
But you can fitt him — Let a worse Fool come,
If he neglects, to officiate in his room.
Vain Amorous Coxcombs every where are found,
Fops for all uses, but the Stage abound.
Tho you shou'd change them oftener than your Fashions,
There still wou'd be enough for your Occasions:
But ours are not so easily suppli'd,
All that cou'd e'er quit cost, we have already tri'd.
Nay, dear some times have bought the Frippery Stuff.
This, Widows, you — I mean the old and tough — }
Will never think, be they but Fool enough.
Such will with any kind of Puppies play; }
But we must better know for what we pay;
We must not purchase such dull Fools as they. }
Shou'd we shew each her own partic'lar Dear,
What they admire at home, they wou'd loath here.
Thus, tho the Mall, the Ring, the Pit is full,
And every Coffee-House still swarms with Fool:



*Tho still by Fools all other Callings true,
Nay our own Women by fresh Cullys thrive.
Tho your Intrigues which no Lampoon can cure,
Promise a long Succession to ensure,
And all your Matches Plenty do présege:
Dire is the Dearth and Famine on the Stage.
Our Store's quite wasted, and our Credit's small,
Not a Foot left to bless our selves withal.
We're forc't at last to rob, (which is great pity,
Though 'twis a never-foiling Bank) the City.*

*We show you one to day intirely new,
And of all Fests, none relish like the true.
Let that the value of our Play inhaunce,
Then it may prove indeed the Luckey Chance.*

Actor's

Actor's Names.

Mr. Leigh.	Sir Feeble Fainwou'd	{ An old Alderman to be married to <i>Leticia</i> .
Mr. Nokes.	Sir Cautious Fulbank	{ An old Banker married to <i>Julia</i> .
Mr. Batterton.	Mr. Gayman	{ A Spark of the Town, Lover of <i>Julia</i> .
Mr. Kenestone.	Mr. Belmour	{ Contracted to <i>Leticia</i> disguis'd, and presses for Sir <i>Feeble's</i> Nephew.
Mr. Jevon.	Mr. Bearjest	{ Nephew to Sir Cautious, a Fop.
Mr. Harris.	Capt. Noysey	His Companion.
Mr Bowman.	Mr. Bredwel	{ Prentice to Sir Cautious, and Brother to <i>Leticia</i> , in love with <i>Diana</i> .
	Rag	Footman to <i>Gayman</i> .
	Ralph	Footman to Sir <i>Feeble</i> .
	Dick	Footman to Sir Cautious.

W O M E N.

Mrs. Barry.	Lady Fulbank	{ In love with <i>Gayman</i> , honest and generous.
Mrs. Cook.	<i>Leticia</i>	{ Contracted to <i>Belmour</i> , married to Sir <i>Feeble</i> , young and vertuous.
Mrs. Montford.	<i>Diana</i>	{ Daughter to Sir <i>Feeble</i> , in love with <i>Bredwel</i> vertuous.
	<i>Pert</i>	Lady <i>Fulbank's</i> Woman.
Mrs. Powel.	Gammer Grime	{ Landlady to <i>Gayman</i> , a Smith's Wife in <i>Alsatia</i> .

A Parson, Fiddlers, Dancers and Singers.
The Scene *London*.

THE
LUCKY CHANCE;
OR AN

Alderman's Bargain.

A
COMEDY.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *The Street at Break of Day.*

Enter Belmour disguis'd in a travelling Habit.

Bel. SURE 'tis the Day that gleams in yonder East,
The Day that all but Lovers blest by Shade
Pay chearful Homage to:
Lovers! and those pursu'd like guilty me
By rigid Laws, which put no Difference
'Twixt fairly killing in my own Defence,
And Murders bred by drunken Arguments,

Whores, or the mean Revenges of a Coward.

— This is *Lericia's* Fathers House —

[Looking about.]

And that the dear Balcony

That has so oft been conscious of our Loves;
From whence she's sent me down a thousand Sighs,
A thousand Looks of Love, a thousand Vows!

O thou dear Witness of those Charming Hours,
How do I blest thee, how am I pleas'd to view thee
After a tedious Age of six Months Banishment.

B

Enter

Enter several with Musick.

Fid. But hark ye Mr. *Gingk*, is it proper to play before the Wedding.

Gen. Ever while you live, for many a time in playing after the first Night, the Bride's sleepy, the Bridegroom air'd, and both so out of Humour, that perhaps they hate any thing that puts 'em in mind they are married.

[They play and sing.

[Enter Phillis in the Balcony, throws 'em Money.

RISE *Cloris*, charming Maid arise!
 And baffle breaking Day,
 Shew the adoring World thy Eyes
 Are more surprizing Gay;
 The Gods of Love are smiling round,
 And lead the Bridegroom on,
 And Hymen has the Altar crown'd,
 While all thy sighing Lovers are undow'd.

To see thee pass they throng the Plain;
 The Groves with Flowers are strown,
 And every young and envying Swain
 Wishes the Hour his own.
 Rise then, and leave the God of Day,
 When thou dost to the Lover yield,
 Behold more Treasure given away
 Than he in his vast Circle e're beheld.

Bel. Hah, *Phillis* *Leticia's* Woman!

Ging. Fie Mrs. *Phillis*, do ye take us for Fiddlers that play for Hire? I came to compliment Mrs. *Leticia* on her Wedding-Morning because she is my Scholar.

Phill. She sends it only to drink her Health.

Ging. Come Lads let's to the Tavern then—

[Exit Musick.

Bel. Hah! said he *Leticia*?

—Sure I shall turn to Marble at this News

J-harden—and cold Damps pass through my senseless Pores.—

—Hah—who's here—

Enter Gayman wrapped in his Cloak.

Gay. 'Tis yet too early, but my Soul's impatient
 And I must see *Leticia*—

[goes to the Door.

Bel. Death and the Devil—the Bridegroom—

Stay

Stay Sir, by Heaven you
pass not this way—

{ goes to the Door as he is knocking, pushes
him away, and draws.

Gay. Hah! what art thou that dost forbid me Entrance?

—Stand off. [They fight a little, and closing view each other.

Bel. *Gayman!*

Gay. My dearest *Belmour*.

Bel. Oh thou false Friend, thou treacherous base Deceiver!

Gay. Hah, this to me dear *Harry*?

Bel. Whether is Honour, Truth and Friendship fled?

Gay. Why there ne're was such a Vertue.

'Tis all a Poets Dream.

Bel. I thank you Sir.

Gay. I am sorry for't, or that ever I did any thing that could
deserve it: put up your Sword—an honest man wou'd say how
he's offended, before he rashly draws.

Bel. Are not you going to be married Sir?

Gay. No Sir, as long as any man in *London* is so, that has but a
handsom Wife Sir.

Bel. Are not you in Love Sir?

Gay. Most damnable, —and would fain lye with the dear jilt-
ing Gypsy.

Bel. Hah—who would you lye with Sir?

Gay. You catechise me roundly—'tis not fair to name, but I am
no Starter, *Harry*; just as you left me you find me, I am for the
faithless *Julia* still, the Old Alderman's Wife. —'Twas high
time the City should lose their Charter, when their Wives turn
honest: but pray Sir answer me a Question or two?

Bel. Answer me first——what make you here this Morning?

Gay. Faith to do you Service. Your Damn'd little Jade of a
Mistress has learned of her Neighbours the Art of Swearing and
Lying in abundance, and is—

Bel. To be married!

[Sighing.

Gay. Even so, God save the Mark; and she'll be a fair one for ma-
ny an Arrow besides her Husbands, tho he an old *Finsbury* Hero
this threescore Years.

Bel. Who mean you?

Gay. Why thy Cuckold that shall be, if thou be'st wife.

Bel. Away——

Who is this Man?——thou dalk'st with me.

Gay. Why an old Knight, and Alderman, here o'th' City, Sir,
Feeble Fain-won'd, a jolly old Fellow, whose Activity is all got
into his Tongue, a very excellent Teazer; but neither Youth nor
Beauty can grind his Dugion to an Edge.

Bel. Fie what Stuff's here.

Gay. Very excellent Stuff, if you have but the Grace to improve it.

Bel. You banter me—but in plain English tell me
What made you here thus early,
Entr'ing yon House with such Authority?

Gay. Why your Mistress *Leticia* — your contracted Wife, is
this Morning to be married to old Sir *Feeble Fainwood*, induc'd to't
I suppose by the great Joynture he makes her, and the Improbability
of your ever gaining your Pardon for your high Duel—
Do I speak English now Sir?

Bel. Too well, would I had never heard thee.

Gay. Now I being the Confident in your Amours, the Jack-go-between—the civil Pimp, or so — you left her in charge
with me at your Departure —

Bel. I did so.

Gay. I saw her every day — and every day she paid the
Tribute of a Shower of Tears, to the dear Lord of all her Vows,
Young *Belmour*;
Till Faith at last, for Reasons manifold,
I slackt my daily Visits.

Bel. And left her to Temptation — was that well done?

Gay. Now must I afflict you and my self with a long Tale of
Causes why;
Or be charg'd with want of Friendship.

Bel. You will do well to clear that Point to me.

Gay. I see you'r peevish, and you shall be humor'd.
— You know my *Julia* —

Play'd me e'en such another Prank as your false one is going to play
you, and married old Sir *Cautious Fulbank* here i'th' City; at which
you know I storm'd, and rav'd, and swore, as thou wot now, and to
as little purpose. There was but one Way left, and that was
Cuckolding him.

Bel. Well that Design I left thee hot upon.

Gay. And hotly have pursu'd it. Swore — Wept — Vow'd
— Wrote, upbraided, pray'd and rail'd; then treated lavishly —
and presented high — till between you and I *Harry*, I have
presented the best part of Eight hundred a year into her Husbands
hands, in Mortgage.

Bel. This is the Course you'd have me steer, I thank you.

Gay. No no, Pox on't, all Women are not Jilts. Some are
honest, and will give as well as take; or else there would not be
so many broke i'th' City. — In fine Sir, I have been in Tribulation,
that is to say, Money-less, for six tedious Weeks, without either
Cloaths — or Equipage to appear withal; and so not only my
own Love affair lay neglected — but thine too — and I am forc'd
to pretend to my Lady, that I am i'th' Country with a Dying
Uncle — from whom if he were indeed dead, I expect Two thou-
sand a year.

Bel.

Bel. But what's all this to being here this Morning?

Gay. Thus have I lain conceal'd like a winter Fly, hoping for some blest Sun-Shine to warm me into Life again, and make me hover my flagging Wings; till the News of this Marriage (which fills the Town) made me crawl out this silent Hour—to upbraid the fickle Maid.

Bel. Didst thou?—pursue thy kind Design. Get me to see her, and sure no Woman even possess'd with a new Passion, Grown confident even to Prostitution; But when she sees the Man to whom she's sworn so very—very much, will find Remorse and Shame.

Gay. For your sake though the Day be broke upon us, And I'm undone if seen—I'll venture in — [*Throws his Cloak over.*]

Enter Sir Feeble Fainwou'd—Sir Cautious Fulbank--- Bearjeff and Noyssey. [*pass over the Stage and go in.*]

—— Hah—— see—— the Bridegroom!
And with him my destin'd Cuckold, old Sir *Cautious Fulbank.*

—— Hah—— what ail'st thou Man?

Bel. The Bridegroom!

Like *Gorgon's* Head he's turn'd me into Stone——

Gay. *Gorgon's* Head——a Cuckold's Head——'twas made to graft upon——

Bel. By Heaven I'll seize her even at the Altar!
And bear her thence in Triumph.

Gay. Ay, and be born to *Newgate* in Triumph, and be hang'd in Triumph——'twill be cold Comfort celebrating your Nuptials in the Press-Yard, and be wak'd next Morning like Mr. *Barnardine* in the Play——Will you please to Rise and be hang'd a little Sir?

Bel. What wouldst thou have me do?

Gay. As many an Honest Man has done before thee——
Cuckold him——Cuckold him.

Bel. What—and let him marry her! She that's mine by Sacred Vow already? By Heaven it would be Flat Adultery in her!

Gay.——She'll learn the Trick; and practise it the better with thee.

Bel. Oh Heavens! *Leticia* marry him! and lye with him!——
——Here will I stand and see this shameful Woman,——
See if she dares pass by me to this Wickedness.

Gay. Hark ye *Harry*——in earnest have a care of betraying your self——and do not venture sweet Life for a fickle Woman, who perhaps hates you.

Bel. You counsel well——but yet to see her married!——
How

How every thought of that shocks all my Resolution;
 But hang it I'll be Resolute and Sawcy,
 Despise a Woman who can use me ill,
 And think my self above her.

Gay. Why now thou art thy self—a Man again.
 But see they'r coming forth, now stand your ground.

Enter Sir Feeble, Sir Cautious, Bearjeff, Noysey, Leticia sad,
 Diana, Phillis. [Pass over the Stage.

Bel. 'Tis she, support me Charles, or I shall sink to Earth,
 —Methought in passing by she cast a scornful Glance at me:
 Such charming Pride I've seen upon her Eyes,
 When our Love-Quarrels arm'd 'em with Disdain
 —I'll after 'em, if I live she shall not scape me.

Gay. Hold, remember you'r proscribed, { Offers to go.
 And dye if you are taken { Gay holds him.

Bel. I've done and I will live, but he shall ne're enjoy her.
 —Who's yonder, Ralph, my trusty Confident?

Enter Ralph.

Now though I perish I must speak to him.
 —Friend, what Wedding's this?

Ral. One that was never made in Heaven Sir,
 'Tis Alderman Fainwou'd, and Mrs. Leticia Bredwell

Bel. Bredwell—I've heard of her—she was Mistress—

Ral. To fine Mr Belmour Sir, —ay there was a Gentleman—
 But rest his Soul— he's hang'd Sir.

Bel. How! hang'd? [Weeps.

Ral. Hang'd Sir, hang'd—at the Hague in Holland.

Gay. I heard some such News, but did not credit it.

Bel. For what said they was he hang'd?

Ral. Why e'en for High Treason Sir, he kill'd one of their
 Kings.

Gay. Holland's a Common-wealth, and is not rul'd by Kings.

Ral. Not by one Sir, but by a great many; this was a Cheef-
 monger—they fell out over a Bottle of Brandy, went to Snicker
 Snee,—Mr. Belmour cut his Throat, and was hang'd for't, that's
 all Sir.

Bel. And did the young Lady believe this?

Ral. Yes,—and took on most heavily,—the Doctors
 gave her over—and there was the Devil to do to get her to
 consent to this Marriage—but her Fortune was small, and
 the Hope of a Ladyship, and a Gold Chain at the Spittle Sermon
 did

did the Business, ——— and so your Servant Sir. ——— [Ex. Ralph.
 Bel. So ——— here's a hopeful Account of my Sweet self now.

Enter Post-man with Letters.

Post. Pray Sir which is Sir Feeble Fainwood's ?

Bel. What wou'd you with him, Friend ?

Post. I have a Letter here from the Hague for him.

Bel. From the Hague ! Now have I a Curiosity to see it ———
 I am his Servant ——— give it me ——— [Gives it him and Exit.
 ——— Perhaps here may be the second part of my Tragedy.

I'm full of Mischief, Charles ——— and have a mind to see this Fellows
 Secrets. For from this hour I'll be his evil Genius, haunt him at
 Bed and Board, he shall not sleep nor eat ——— disturb him at his
 Prayers, in his Embraces ; and teaz him into Madness.

Help me Invention, Malice, Love, and Wit. [Opening the Letter.
 Ye Gods, and little Fiends instruct my Mischief. [Reads.

Dear Brother, according to your Desire I have sent for my Son from
 St. Omers, whom I have sent to wait on you in England, he is a
 very good Accountant and fit for Business, and much pleas'd he shall
 see that Uncle to whom he's so oblig'd, and which is so gratefully ac-
 knowledged by ——— Dear Brother, your affectionate Brother.

Francis Fainwood.

——— Hum ——— harkye Charles, do you know who I am now ?

Gay. Why I hope a very honest Friend of mine, Harry Belmour.

Bel. No Sir, you are mistaken in your Man.

Gay. It may be so.

Bel. I am d'ye see Charles, this very individual, numerical young
 Mr. ——— ~~whom ye call~~ Fainwood, just come from Saint Omers
 into England ——— to my Uncle the Alderman.

I am, Charles, this very Man.

Gay. I know you are, and will swear't upon occasion.

Bel. This lucky Thought has almost calm'd my mind.
 And if I don't fit you my dear Uncle ———
 May I never lye with my Aunt.

Gay. Ah Rogue ——— but pr'ethee what care have you taken
 about your Pardon ? 'twere good you should secure that.

Bel. There's the Divil Charles, ——— had I but that ——— but
 I have had a very good Friend at work, a thousand Guynays,
 that seldom fails ; but yet in Vain, I being the first Transgressor
 since the Act against Duelling.

But I impatient to see this dear Delight of my Soul,
 And hearing from none of you this six Weeks, came from
 Brussels in this Disguise ——— for the Hague I have not
 Seen, though hang'd there ——— but come ——— lets away.

And.

And compleat me a right Saint Omers Spark, that I
May present my self as soon as they come from Church. [Exit]

SCENE II. Sir Cautious Fulbank's House.

Enter Lady Fulbank, Pert, and Bredwell. Bredwell gives her a Letter.

[Lady Fulbank reads.]

Did my Julia know how I Languish in this cruel Separation, she would afford me her Pity, and write of her. If only the Expectation of two thousand a Year kept me from you, ah! Julia how easily would I abandon that Trifle for your more valued Sight, but that I know a Fortune will render me more agreeable to the charming Julia, I should quit all my Interest here, to throw my self at her Feet, to make her sensible how am I intirely her Adorer,

Charles Gayman.

—— Faith Charles you lye. —— you are as welcome to me now, Now when I doubt thy Fortune is declining, As if the Universe were thine.

Pert. That Madam is a Noble Gratitude. For if his Fortune be declining, 'tis sacrificed to his Passion for your Ladyship.

—— 'Tis all laid out on Love.

L. Ful. I prize my Honour more than Life, Yet I had rather have given him all he wish'd of me, Than be guilty of his Undoing.

Pert. And I think the Sin were less.

L. Ful. I must confess, such Jewels, Rings, and Presents as he made me must needs decay his Fortune.

Bred. Ay Madam, his very Coach at last was turned into a Jewel for your Ladyship.

Then Madam what Expences his Despairs have run him on —— As Drinking and Gaming to divert the Thought of your marrying my old Master.

L. Ful. And put in Wenching too. ——

Bred. No assure your self Madam ——

L. Ful. Of that I would be better satisfied —— and you too must assist me as e're you hope I should be kind to you in gaining you Diana. [To Bredwell.]

Bred. Madam, I'll dye to serve you.

Pert. Nor will I be behind in my Duty.

L. Ful. Oh how fatal are forc'd Marriages !
How many Ruines one such Match pulls on ——
Had I but kept my sacred Vows to Gayman
How happy had I been —— how prosperous he !
Whilst now I languish in a loath'd Embrace,

Pine out my Life with Age——Consumptions Cough,
——But dost thou fear that *Gayman* is declining?

Bred. You are my Lady, and the best of *Mistresses*;
Therefore I would not grieve you, for I know
You love this best——but most unhappy Man.

L. Fulb. You shall not grieve me——præthee on——

Bred. My Master sent me yesterday to Mr. *Crap* his *Scrivener*,
to send to one Mr. *Wastall*, to tell him his first Mortgage was but,
which is two hundred pounds a Year——and who has since in-
gaged five or six hundred more to my Master; but if this first be
not redeem'd he'll take the Forfeit on't, as he says a Wise Man
ought.

L. Fulb. That is to say, a Knave according to his Notion of a
Wife Man.

Bred. Mr *Crap* being busie with a Borrowing Lord, sent me to
Mr. *Wastall*; whose Lodging is in a nasty Place, called *Alfaria*,
at a Black-Smiths.

L. Fulb. But what's all this to *Gayman*?

Bred. Madam, this *Wastall* was Mr. *Gayman*.

L. Fulb. *Gayman*? Saw'st thou *Gayman*?

Bred. Madam, Mr. *Gayman*, yesterday.

L. Fulb. When came he to Town?

Bred. Madam, he has not been out of it.

L. Fulb. Not at his Uncles in *Northamptonshire*?

Bred. Your Ladyship was wont to credit me.

L. Fulb. Forgive me——you went to a Black-Smiths.

Bred. Yes Madam; and at the Door encounter'd the beastly thing
he calls a Landlady; who lookt as if she'ad been of her own
Husband's making, compos'd of moulded Smith's Dust. I ask'd for
Mr. *Wastall*, and she began to open——and did so rail at him,
that what with her *Billinggate*, and her Husband's Hammers, I was
both Deaf and Dumb——at last the Hammers ceas'd and she grew
weary, and call'd down Mr. *Wastall*; but he not answering——I
was sent up a Ladder rather than a pair of Stairs; at last I scal'd
the top, and enter'd the enchanted Castle; there did I find him,
spight of the Noise below, drowning his Cares in Sleep.

L. Fulb. Whom foundst thou *Gayman*——?

Bred. He Madam, whom I waked——and seeing me.
Heavens what Confusion seiz'd him! which nothing but my own
Surprize could equal. Asham'd——he wou'd have turn'd away,
But when he saw by my dejected Eyes, I knew him,
He sight, and blusht, and heard me tell my Business.
Then beg'd I wou'd be secret: for he vow'd, his whole Repose
and Life, depended on my Silence. Nor had I told it now,
But that your Ladyship, may find some speedy means to draw him
from this desperate Condition.

L. Fulb. Here's no possibility.

Bred. He's driven to the last degree of Poverty.
Had you but seen his Lodgings, Madam!

L. Fulb. What were they?

Bred. 'Tis a pretty convenient Tub Madam. He may lie along in't, there's just room for an old Joyn'd Stool besides the Bed, which one cannot call a Cabin, about the largeness of a Pantry Bin, or a Usurer's Trunk, there had been Donxex Curtains to't in the Days of Yore; but they were now annihilated, and nothing left to save his Eyes from the Light, but my Land-ladies Blew Apron, ty'd by the strings before the Window, in which stood a broken six-penny Looking-Glass, that show'd as many Faces, as the Scene in *Henry the Eighth*, which could but just stand upright, and then the Comb-Case fill'd it.

L. Fulb. What a fewd Description hast thou made of his Chamber!

Bred. Then for his Equipage, 'tis banisht to one small Monsieur, who (sawcy with his Master's Poverty) is rather a Companion than a Foot-man.

L. Fulb. But what said he to the Forfeiture of his Land?

Bred. He sigh't, and cry'd, Why farewell dirty Acres.
It shall not trouble me, since 'twas all but for Love!

L. Fulb. How much redeems it?

Bred. Madam, five hundred pounds.

L. Fulb. Enough——— you shall, in some Disguise convey this Money to him; as from an unknown hand; I would not have him think it comes from me, for all the World;
That Nicety and Vertue I've profest, I am resolv'd to keep.

Per. If I were your Ladyship, I wou'd make use of Sir *Cantius* his Cash: Pay him in his own Coyn.

Bred. Your Ladyship wou'd make no Scruple of it, if you knew how this poor Gentleman has been us'd by my unmerciful Master.

L. Fulb. I have a Key already to his Counting-House; it being lost, he had another made, and this I found and kept.

Bred. Madam, this is an excellent time for't, my Master being gone to give my Sister *Leticia* at Church.

L. Fulb. 'Tis so, I'll go and commit the Theft, whilst you prepare to carry it, and then we'll to Dinner with your Sister the Bride.
[Exit.]

SCENE III.

SCENE III. *The House of Sir Feeble.*

Enter Sir Feeble, Leticia, Sir Cautious, Bearjeft, Diana, Noyſey. Sir Feeble ſings and ſalutes 'em.

Sir Feeb. **W**elcome Joan Sanderson, welcome, welcome, *[Kifs the Bride.*

Ods bobs, and ſo thou art Sweet-Heart. *[So to the reſt.*

Bear. Me-thinks my Lady Bride is very Melancholy.

Sir Can. Ay, Ay, Women that are diſcreet, are always thus upon their Wedding-day.

Sir Feeb. Always by Day-light, *Sir Cautious.*

*But when Bright Phoebus do's retire
To Thetis Bed to quench his fire,
And do the thing we need not name,
We Mortals by his influence do the ſame.
Then thou the Bluſſing Maid lays by
Her ſmiling, and her Modesty;
And round the Lover claps and twines
Like Ivy, or the circling Vines.*

Sir Feeb. Here Ralph, the Bottle Rogue, of Sack ye Rascal, hadst thou been a Butler worth hanging, thou'wou'dst have met us at the door with it — Ods bobs Sweet-Heart thy Health.

Bear. Away with it, to the Brides Dance in Kettler.

Sir Feeb. Gots ſo, go to Rogue, go to, that ſhall be, Knave, that ſhall be, by the Morrow Morning; he — ods bobs, we'll do't Sweet-Heart; here's to't — *[Drinks again.*

Lec. I dye but to Imagine it, wou'd I were dead indeed.

Sir Feeb. Hah — hum — how's this? Tears upon your Wedding-day? Why — why — you Baggage you, ye little Ting, Fools-face — away you Rogue, you'r naughty, you'r naughty, *[Patting, and playing, and following her.*
Look — look — look now, — buſs it — buſs it — and Friends, did'ums, did'ums, beat its none ſilly Baby — away you little Huſſey, away, and pledge me — *[She drinks a little.*

Sir Can. A wife diſcreet Lady, I'll warrant her, my Lady wou'd prodigally have took it off all —

Sir Feeb. Dear's its nown dear Fuhs; buſs again, buſs again, away, away — ods bobs, I long for Night — look — look *Sir Cautious*; what an Eye's there —

Sir Cautious. Ay, so there is Brother, and a Modest Eye too.

Sir Feeb. Adad, I love her more and more, *Ralph*——call old *Susan* hither——Come *Mr. Bearjest*, put the Glafs about. Ods bobs, when I was a young Fellow, I wou'd not let the young Wenches look pale and wan——but wou'd rouse 'em, and rouse 'em, and blowze 'em, 'till I put a Colour in their Cheeks, like an Apple *John* affacks——Nay, I can make a shift still, and Pupsy shall not be Jealous——

Enter Susan, Sir Feeble whispers her, she goes out.

Lec. Indeed not I Sir. I shall be all Obedience

Sir Can. A most Judicious Lady; wou'd my *Julia* had a little of her Modesty; but my Lady's a Wit.

[*Enter Susan with a Box.*

Sir Feeb. Look here my little Puskin, here's fine Play-things for its n'own little Coxcomb——go——get ye gone——get ye gone and off with this Saint *Martins* Trumpery, these Play-house Glafs Baubles, this Necklace, and these Pendants, and all this false Ware; ods bobs I'll have no counterfeit Geer about thee, not I. See——these are right as the Blushes on thy Cheeks and these——as true as my Heart my Girl. Go——put 'em on and be fine——

[*gives 'em her*

Lec. Believe me Sir I shall not merit this Kindness.

Sir Feeb. Go to——More of your Love, and less of your Ceremony——give the old Fool a hearty Buss and pay him that Way——he ye little wanton Tit, I'll steal up——and catch ye and love ye——aded I will——get ye gone——get ye gone——

Lec. Heav'ns what a nautious thing is an old Man turn'd Lover.

[*Exit Leticia and Diana.*

Sir Can. How steal up *Sir Feeble*——I hope not so; I hold it most indecent before the lawful Hour.

Sir Feeb. Lawful Hour! Why I hope all Hours are Lawful with a Mans own Wife.

Sir Can. But wise Men have Respect to Times and Seasons.

Sir Feeb. Wise young Men *Sir Cautious*, but wise old Men must nick their Inclinations, for it is not as 'twas wont to be, for it is not as 'twas wont to be.

[*Singing and dancing.*

Enter Ralph.

Ralph. Sir here's a young Gentleman without wou'd speak with you.

Sir Feeb. Hum——I hope it is not that same *Belmour* come to forbid the Banes——if it be, he comes too late——therefore

fore bring me first my long Sword, and then the Gentleman.

[Exit Ralph.]

Bea. Pray Sir use mine it is a travell'd Blade I can assure you Sir.

Sir Feeb. I thank you Sir——

Enter Ralph and Belmour disguis'd, gives him a Letter; he reads.

—— How —— my Nephew ——
Francis Fainwood?

[Embraces him]

Bel. I am glad he has told me my Christian Name.

Sir Feeb. Sir *Cautious* know my Nephew —— 'tis a young Saint
Omers Scholar —— but none of the Witnesses.

Sir Can. Marry Sir, the wiser he —— for they got nothing by't.

Bel. Sir I love and honour you because you are a Traveller.

Sir Feeb. A very proper young Fellow, and as like old *Frank Fainwood* as the Devil to the Collier; but *Francis* you are come into a very lewd Town *Francis* for whoring and plotting and roaring and drinking, but you must go to Church *Francis*, and avoid ill Company, or you may make damnable Havock in my Cash *Francis* —— what you can keep Merchants Books?

Bel. 'T has been my Study Sir.

Sir Feeb. And you will not be proud but will be commanded by me *Francis*?

Bel. I desire not to be favour'd as a Kinsman Sir, but as your humblest Servant.

Sir Feeb. Why thou't an honest Fellow *Francis* —— and thou'rt heartily welcome —— and I'll make thee Fortunate! But come *Sir Cautious* let you and I take a Turn i'th' Garden, and beget a right Understanding between your Nephew Mr. *Beaurest* and my Daughter *Dye*.

Sir Can. Prudently thought on Sir, I'll wait on you ——
[Exit Sir Feeble and Sir Cautious.]

Bea. You are a Traveller Sir, I understand ——

Bel. I have seen a little part of the World Sir.

Bea. So have I Sir I thank my Stars, and have performed most of my Travels on Foot Sir.

Bel. You did not travel far then I presume Sir.

Bea. No Sir, it was for my Diversion indeed; but I assure you I travell'd into *Ireland* a-foot Sir.

Bel. Sure Sir, you go by Shipping into *Ireland*?

Bea. That's all one Sir, I was still a-foot —— ever walking on the Deck ——

Bel. Was that your farthest Travels Sir?

Bea.

Bea. Farthest ——— why that's the End of the World ——— and sure a Man can go no further.

Bel. Sure there can be nothing worth a Man's Curiosity?

Bea. No Sir? I'll assure you there are the Wonders of the World Sir; I'll hint you this one. There is a Harbour which since the Creation was never capable of receiving a Lighter, yet by another Miracle, the King of France was to ride there with a vast Fleet of Ships, and to land a hundred thousand Men.

Bel. This is a swinging Wonder ——— but are there Store of Mad Men there Sir ———?

Bea. That's another Rarity to see a Man run out of his Wits.

Noy. Marry Sir, the wiser they I say.

Bea. Pray Sir what Store of Miracles have you at St. Omers?

Bel. None Sir since that of the Wonderful *Salamanca* Doctor, who was both here and there, at the same Instant of time.

Bea. How Sir! Why that's impossible.

Bel. That was the Wonder Sir, because 'twas impossible.

Noy. But 'twas a greater Sir that 'twas believed.

Enter L. Fulb. and Pert. Sir Cau. and Sir Feeb.

Sir Feeb. Enough, enough, Sir *Cautions* we apprehend one another, Mr. *Bearjeff*, your Uncle here and I have struck the Bargain, the Wench is yours with three thousand Pound present, and something more after Death: Which your Uncle likes well.

Bea. Does he so Sir, I'm beholding to him, then 'tis not a Pin matter whether I like or not, Sir.

Sir Fee. How Sir not like my Daughter *Dye*?

Bea. Oh Lord Sir ——— dye or live 'tis all one for that Sir ——— I'll stand to the Bargain my Uncle makes.

Pert. Will you so Sir, you'll have very good Luck if you do ———

[Aside.]

Bea. Prethee hold thy Peace, my Lady's Woman.

L. Fulb. Sir I beg your Pardon for not waiting on you to Church ——— I knew you would be private ———

Enter Let. fine in Jewels.

Sir Feeb., You honour us too highly now Madam ———

L. Fulb. Give you Joy my dear *Leticia*! *[presents his Wife, who salutes her.]* I find Sir you were resolved for Youth Wit and Beauty.

Sir Feeb. Ay Madam to the Comfort of many a hoping Coxcomb but *Lette* ——— Rogue *Lette* ——— thou wilt not make me free o'th' City

ty a second time , wo't thou entice the Rogues with the *Twire* and wanton *Leere*——the Amorous Simper that crys come kifs me——then the pretty round Lips are pouted out——he Rogue how I long to be at 'em!——well she shall never go to Church more——that she shall not.

L. Full. How Sir, not to Church, the chiefeft Recreation of a City Lady?

Sir Feeb. That's all one Madam, that tricking and dressing and prinking and patching, is not your Devotion to Heaven, but, to the young Knaves that are lick't and comb'd——and are minding you more than the Parson——ods bobs there are more Cuckolds deff-in'd at Church than are made out of it.

Sir Can. ha, ha, ha, he! tickles ye e-Faith Ladys. [*to his Lady.*]

Bel. Not one chance look this Way——and yet I can forgive her lovely Eyes——Because they look not pleas'd with all this Ceremony ; And yet methinks some Sympathy in Love Might this Way glance their Beams——I cannot hold————Sir, is this fair Lady my Aunt?

Sir Feeb. Oh *Francis!* Come hither *Francis.*

Lette, here's a young Rogue has a Mind to kifs thee.

[*Puts them together, she starts back,*]
——Nay start not, he's my own Flesh and Blood My Nephew——Baby——look——look how the young Rogues stare at one another, like will to like, I see that.

Let. There's something in his Face, so like my *Belmour* it calls my Blushes up, and leaves my Heart defenceless——

Enter Ralph.

Ralph. Sir, Dinner's on the Table.

Sir Feeb. Come, come——let's in then——Gentlemen and Ladys——And share to day my Pleasures and Delight But——

Od's bobs they must be all mine own at Night.

The End of the first Act.

ACT II. SCENE I. Gayman's Lodging.

Enter Gayman in a Night-Cap, and an old Campaign Coat tyed about him. Very melancholy.

Gay. **C**urse on my Birth! Curse on my faithless fortune!
 Curse on my Stars, and curst be all —— but Love!
 That dear, that charming Sin, tho t'have pull'd
 Innumerable Mischiefs on my Head,
 I have not, nor I cannot find Repentance for.
 No let me dye despis'd, upbraided, poor:
 Let Fortune, Friends and all abandon me ——
 But let me hold thee thou soft smiling God
 Close to my Heart while Life continues there.
 Till the last Pantings of my vital Blood
 May the last spark of Life and Fire be Love's!

Enter Rag.

—— How now *Rag*, what's a Clock?

Rag. My Belly can inform you better than my Tongue.

Gay. Why you gormandizing Vermine you, what have you done with the Three-pence I gave you a Fortnight ago.

Rag. Alas Sir that's all gone, long since.

Gay. You guttling Rascal, you are enough to breed a Famine in a Land. I have known some industrious Foot-men, that have not only gotten their own Livings, but a pretty Livelihood for their Masters too.

Rag. Ay, till they came to the Gallows Sir.

Gay. Very well Sirrah, they dy'd in an honourable Calling —— but hark'y' *Rag* —— I have Business —— very earnest Business abroad this Evening, now were you a Rascal of Docity, you wou'd invent a way —— to get home my last Suit that was laid in Lavender —— with the Appurtenances thereunto belonging, as Perriwig, Cravat —— and —— so forth ——

Rag. Faith Master I must deal in the black Art then, for no Humane Means will do't —— and now I talk of the black Art Master, try your Power once more with my Land-lady ——

Gay. Oh! Name her not, the thought on't turns my Stomach —— a Sight of her is a Vomit, but he's a bold Hero that dares

venture on her for a Kiss, and all beyond that sure is Hell it
 self——yet there's my last, last Refuge——~~which I will not~~
 this Wedding——I know not what——~~but I will~~ something
 whispers me——this Night I shall be happy——and without!
Julia 'tis impossible!

Rag. *Julia*, whose that my Lady *Fulbank* Sir?

Gay. Peace Sirrah——and call——~~and call~~——no
 ——Pox on't come back——and yet——yes——call my full-
 some Landlady. [Exit *Rag*.

——Sir *Cautious* knows me not, by Name or Person.
 And I will to this Wedding, I'm sure of seeing *Julia* there.
 And what may come of that——but here's old Nasty coming.
 I smell her up——hah my dear Landlady——[Enter *Rag* and *Land*.
 Quite out of Breath——a Chair there for my Landlady——

Rag. Here's ne'er a one Sir.

Land. More of your Money and less of your Civility good Mr.
Wastall.

Gay. Dear Land-Lady——

Land. Dear me no Dears Sir, but let me have my Money——
 Eight Weeks Rent last Friday. Besides Taverns, Ale-houses, Chand-
 lers, Landresses, Scores, and ready Money out of my Purse; you
 know it Sir.

Gay. Ay but your Husband does not; speak softly.

Land. My Husband! What do you think to fright me with my
 Husband——I'd have you to know I am an honest Woman and
 care not this——for my Husband. Is this all the thanks I have
 for my Kindness, for patching, borrowing, and shifting for you;
 'twas but last Week I pawn'd my best Petticoat, as I hope to wear
 it again it cost me six and twenty Shillings besides Making; then
 this Morning my new *Normich* Mantue follow'd, and two posile
 Spoons, I had the whole Dozen when you came first; but they dropt,
 and dropt, till I had only *Judas* left for my Husband.

Gay. Hear me good Landlady——

Land. Then! I've past my Word at the *George-Tavern* for forty
 Shillings for you, ten Shillings at my Neighbour *Squabs* for Ale;
 besides seven Shillings to Mother *Suds* for washing, and do you fob
 me off with my Husband?

Gay. Here *Rag*——run and fetch her a Pint of Sack——there's
 no other way of quenching the Fire in her flaber Chops; [Exit *Rag*.
 ——but my dear Landlady have a little Patience.

Land. Patience? I scorn your Words Sir——is this a place
 to traft in, tell me of Patience that us'd to have my Money before
 Hand; come, come pay me quickly——or old *Gregory Grimes*
 House shall be too hot to hold you.

Gay. Is't come to this, can I not be heard!

Land. No Sir, you had good Cloaths when you came first, but they dwindle'd daily, till they dwindle'd to this old Campaign — with tawny colour'd Lining, — — — — — but now all Colours of the Rain-bow, a Cloak to stulk in a Nights, and a pair of Piss-burn'd sham my Breeches. Nay your very Badg of Manhood's gone too

Gay. How Landlady, nay I then i-Faith no Wonder if you rail self. — — — — —

Land. Your Silver Sword I mean — transmogrified to this two-handed Basket Hilt — — — — — this old Sir *Guy of Warwick* — which will sell for nothing but old Iron. In fine I'll have my Money Sir, or i-faith *Alfred* shall not shelter you. [Enter Rag.

Gay. Well Landlady — — — — — if we must part — — — — — let's drink at parting, here Landlady, here's to the Fool — — — — — that shall love you better then I have done. [Sighing drinks.

Land. Rot your Wine — — — — — d'e think to pacifie me with Wine Sir. [She refusing to drink he holds open her Jaw; Rag throws a Glass of Wine into her Mouth.

What will you force me, — — — — — no — — — — — give me another Glass, I scorn to be forc'd undill to be forc'd, my Service to you Sir — — — — — but this chan't do Sir. [She drinks, he embracing her sings.

*Ab Clorisick in vain you scold,
Whilst your Eyes kindle flesh & Fire.
Cold railing cannot make me cold,
So fast as they a Warmth inspire.*

Land. Well Sir you have no Reason to complain of my Eyes nor my Tongue neither, if rightly understood. [weeps.

Gay. I know you are the best of Landlady's, As such I drink your Health. [drinks.

But to upbraid a Man in Tribulation — — — — — tis not done like a Woman of Honour, a Man that loves you too. [She drinks.

Land. I am a little hasty sometimes, but you know my good Nature.

Gay. I do and therefore trust my little Wants with you. I shall be rich again — — — — — and then my dearest Landlady — — — — —

Land. Wou'd this Wine might ne'er go through me, if I wou'd not go as they say through Fire and Water — by Night or by Day for you. [She drinks.

Gay. And as this is Wine — I do believe thee — — — — — [he drinks.

Land. Well — — — — — you have no Money in your Pocket now I'll warrant you — — — — — here — — — — — here's ten Shillings for you old *Greg'ry* knows not of. [Opens a great greasy Purse.

Gay.

Gay. I cannot in Conscience take it, Good Faith! I cannot. Besides the next Quarrel you'll hit me in the Teeth with it.

Land. Nay pray no more of that, forget it, forget it. Fown I was to blame — here — Sir you shall take it.

Gay. Ay — but what shou'd I do with Money in — these damn'd Breeches? — No put it up — I can't appear a-broad thus — no I'll stay at home and loose my Business.

Land. Why, is there no Way to redeem one of your Suits?

Gay. None — none — I'll e'en lay me down and dye.

Land. Dye — marry Heavens forbid — I would not for the World — let me see — hum — what does it lie for?

Gay. Alas! dear Landlady a Sum — a Sum.

Land. Well, say no more, I'll lay about me.

Gay. By this Kiss but you shall not — Affairida by this Light.

Land. Shall not? that's a good one i-Faith: shall you rule — or I?

Gay. But thou'd your Husband know it.

Land. Husband — marry come up, Husbands know Wives Secrets? No sure the Worlds not so bad yet — where do your things lie? and for what?

Gay. Five pound equips me — Ray can conduct you — but I say you shall not go — I've sworn —

Land. Meddle with your Matters — let me see, the Candle Cup that Molly's Grandmother left her will pawn for about that Sum — I'll sneak it out — well Sir you shall have your things presently. — trouble not your Head, but expect me.

[Exit Landlady and Rag.]

Gay. Was ever Man put to such beastly Shifts? 'Sdeath, how the stunk — my Senies are most luxuriously regall'd — there's my perpetual Musick too — [Knocking of Hammers on an Anvil.] The ringing of Bells is an Afs to t.

Enter Rag.

Rag. Sir there's one in a Coach below wou'd speak to you.

Gay. With me — and in a Coach, who can it be?

Rag. The Devil I think, for he has a strange Countenance.

Gay. The Devil; shew your self a Rascal of Parts, Sirrah, and wait on him up with Ceremony.

Rag. Who the Devil, Sir?

Gay. Ay the Devil Sir, if you mean to thrive.

[Exit Rag.]

Who can this be — but see he comes to inform me — withdraw — [Enter Bredwell dress'd like a Devil.]

Bred. I come to bring you this — [gives him a Letter, he reads.]

Gayman reads. Receive what Love and Fortune present you wish, be grateful and be silent, or 'twill vanish like a Dream, and leave you more wretched than it found you [adieu.]

——hah—— [gives him a Bag of Money.]

Bred. Nay view it Sir, 'tis all substantial Gold.

Gay. Now dare not I ask one civil Question for fear it vanish all—— [aside]

But I may ask how 'tis I ought to pay for this great Bounty.

Bred. Sir all the Pay is Secresie——

Gay. And is this all that is required Sir?

Bred. No you're invited to the Shades below.

Gay. Hum, Shades below?——I am not prepar'd for such a Journey Sir.

Bred. If you have Courage, Youth, or Love, you'll follow me,
When Nights black Curtains drawn around the World,
And mortal Eyes are safely lockt in Sleep, [*In feign'd Heroick Tone,*
And no bold Spy dares view when Gods careſs:
Then I'll conduct thee to the Banks of Bliss.

——Durſt thou not truſt me?

Gay. Yes ſure on ſuch ſubſtantial Security. [*hugs the Bag.*

Bred. Juſt when the Day is vaniſh't into Night,
And only twinkling Stars inform the World,
Near to the Corner of the ſilent Wall
In Fields of *Lincolns-Inn* thy Spirit ſhall meet thee.

——Farewel—— [*goes out.*

Gay. Hum——I am awake ſure, and this is Gold I graſp.

I could not ſee this Devil's cloven Foot,
Nor am I ſuch a Coxcomb to believe,
But he was as ſubſtantial as his Gold.
Spirits, Ghoſt, Hobgoblins, Furies, Fiends, and Devils
I've often heard old Wives fright Fools and Children with,
Which once arriv'd to common Senſe they laugh at.

——No, I am for things poſſible and Natural,

——Some Female Devil old, and damn'd to Uglineſs,
And paſt all Hopes of Courtſhip and Addreſs,

Full of another Devil call'd Deſire,
Has ſeen this Face——this——Shape——this Youth
And thinks it worth her Hire. It muſt be ſo.

I muſt moyl on in the damn'd dirty Road,
And ſure ſuch Pay will make the Journey eaſie;
And for the Price of the dull drudging Night,
All Day I'll purchaſe new and freſh Delight.

[Exit.]

SCENE II.

SCENE II. Sir Feeble's House.

Enter Leticia pursu'd by Phillis.

Phil. Why Madam do you leave the Garden,
For this Retreat to Melancholly?

Lec. Because it suits my Fortune and my Humour.
And even thy Presence wou'd afflict me now.

Phil. Madam, I was sent after you, my Lady *Fulbank* has challeng'd
Sir *Feeble* at Bowls, and stakes a Ring of fifty Pound against his new
Chariot.

Lec. Tell him I wish him Luck in every thing
But in his Love to me——

Go tell him I am viewing of the Garden. [*Exit Phillis.*]

——Blest be this kind Retreat, this 'lone Occasion,
That lends a short Cessation to my Torments. { *Enter Belmour at a distance behind her.*
And gives me leave to vent my Sighs and Tears!

Bel. And doubly blest be all the Powers of Love, [*Weeps.*]
That gives me this dear Opportunity.

Lec. Where were you all ye pitting Gods of Love,
That once seem'd pleas'd at *Belmour's* Flame and mine,
And smiling joyn'd our Hearts, our sacred Vows
And spread your Wings, and held your Torches high.

Bel. Oh —— [*She starts, pauses.*]

Lec. Where were you now! When this unequal Marriage,
Gave me from all my Joys, gave me from *Belmour*:
Your Wings were slag'd, your Torches bent to Earth;
And all your little Bonets veil'd your Eyes.
You saw not, or were deaf and pityless.

Bel. Oh my *Leticia*!

Lec. Hah, 'tis there again that; very Voice was *Belmour's*:
Where art thou, oh thou lovely charming Shade?
For sure thou canst not take a Shape to fright me.

——What art thou —— speak! [*Not looking behind her yet for Fear.*]

Bel. Thy constant true Adorer.
Who all this fatal Day has haunted thee.
To ease his tortur'd Soul.

Lec. My Heart is well acquainted with that Voice, [*Approaching nearer.*]
But oh my Eyes dare not encounter thee. { *Speaking with Signs of Fear.*

Bel. Is it because thou'st broken all thy Vows?
——Take to thee Courage and behold thy Slaughters.

Lec. Yes, tho' the Sight wou'd blast me I wou'd view it. [*Turns.*]
——'tis he —— 'tis very *Belmour*? or so like——

I cannot doubt but thou deserv'st this Welcome. [Embraces him.]

Bel. Oh my *Leticia*!

Ler. I'm sure I grasp not Air; thou art no Phantom.
My Arms return not empty to my Bosom,
But meet a solid Treasure.

Bel. A Treasure thou so easily threw'st away?
A Riddle simple Love ne'er understood.

Ler. Alas I heard, my *Belmour*, thou wert dead.

Bel. And was it thus you mourn'd my Funeral?

Ler. I will not justify my hated Crime.
But Oh remember I was poor and helpless.

And much reduc'd, and much impos'd upon. [Belmour weeps.]

Bel. And Want compell'd thee to this wretched Marriage
—did it?

Ler. 'Tis not a Marriage, since my *Belmour* lives:
The Consummation were Adultery.

I was thy Wife before, wo't thou deny me?

Bel. No by those Powers that heard our mutual Vows,
Those Vows that tie us faster than dull Priests.

Ler. But oh my *Belmour*, thy sad Circumstances
Permit thee not to make a publick Claim.

Thou art proscribed, and dy'st if thou art seen.

Bel. Alas!

Ler. Yet I wou'd wander with thee o're the World,
And share thy humblest Fortune with thy Love.

Bel. Is't possible *Leticia* thou wou'dst fly
To foreign Shores with me?

Ler. Can *Belmour* doubt the Soul he knows so well?

Bel. Perhaps in time the King may find my Innocence, and may
extend his Mercy:

Mean time I'll make Provision for our Flight.

Ler. But how 'twixt this and that can I defend my self from the
loath'd Arms of an impatient Dotard, that I may come a spotless
Maid to thee?

Bel. Thy native Modesty and my Industry
Shall well enough secure us.

Feign you nice Virgin-Cautions all the Day:
Then trust at Night to my Conduct to preserve thee.

—And wilt thou yet be mine! Oh swear a-new,
Give me again thy Faith, thy Vows, thy Soul:

For mine's so sick with this Days fatal Business,
It needs a Cordial of that mighty strength;

Swear, — Swear, so as if thou break'st —
Thou mayst be — any thing — but Damn'd *Leticia*.

Let. Thus then; and hear me Heaven!

[*Kneels.*

Bel. And thus—I'll listen to thee.

[*Kneels.*

Enter Sir Feeble, L. Fulbank, Sir Cautious.

Sir Fee. Lette, Lette, Lette, where are you little Rogue Lette.

—Hab—hum—what's here—

Bel. Oh Heavens, she's gone, she's gone!

Sir Fee. Gone—whither is she gone?

had the Wit to take good Company with her—

Bel. She's gone to Heaven Sir, for ought I know.

Sir Can. She was resolv'd to go in a young Fellows Arms I see.

Sir Fee. Go to, *Francis*—go to.

L. Ful. Stand back Sir, she recovers.

Bel. Alas, I found her dead upon the Floor,

—Shou'd I have left her so—if I had known your Mind—

Sir Fee. Was it so—was it so—got-so, by no means *Francis*.—

Let. Pardon him Sir; For surely I had dy'd,

But for his timely coming.

Sir Fee. Alas poor Pupsy—was it sick----look here—
here's a fine thing to make it well again. Come buss, and it shall
have it—oh how I long for Night.

Ralph, are the Fiddlers ready?

Ral. They are tuning in the Hall Sir.

Sir Fee. That's well, they know my mind. I hate that same
twang, twang, twang, fum, fum, fum, tweedle, tweedle, tweedle,
then scrue goe the Pins, till a man's Teeth are on Edge; then snap
says a small Gut, and there we are at a loss again. I long to be
in Bed—with a hey tredodle, tredodle, tredodle—with a
hay tredool, tredodle, tredol—

{ *Dancing and playing on his
Stick, like a Flute.*

Sir Can. A prudent Man would reserve himself—Good-
facks I dan'd so on my Wedding Day, that when I came to Bed,
to my Shame be it spoken, I fell fast asleep, and slept till morning.

L. Ful. Where was your Wisdom then, *Sir Cautious*?

But I know what a wife Woman ought to have done.

Sir Fee. Odsbobs, that's Wormwood, that's Wormwood—
I shall have my young Husky set a-gog too; she'll hear there are
better things in the World than she has at home, and then odsbobs,
and then they'll ha't, adod they will, *Sir Cautious*. Ever while
you live, keep a Wife ignorant, unless a Man be as brisk as his
Neighbours.

Sir Can. A wife Man will keep 'em from bawdy Christnings
then, and Gossipings.

Sir Fee. Christnings, and Gossipings; why they are the very
Schools

Schools that debauch our Wives, as Dancing-Schools do our Daughters.

Sir *Can.* Ay, when the over-joy'd good Man invites 'em all against that time twelve Month: Oh he's a dear Man, cly's one—I marry cry's another, here's a Man indeed—my Husband—God help him——

Sir *Fee.* Then she falls to telling of her Grievance till (half maudlin) she weeps again: Just my Condition cry's a third, so the Frolick goes round, and we poor Cuckolds are anatomiz'd, and turn'd the right sides outwards; adsbobs we are Sir *Cautious.*

Sir *Can.* Ay, ay, this Grievance ought to be redrest Sir *Feeble*, the grave and sober Part o'th' Nation are hereby ridicul'd,——Ay, and cuckol'd too, for ought I know.

L. *Ful.* Wife men, knowing this, should not expose their Infirmities, by marrying us young Wenches; who, without Instruction, find how we are impos'd upon.

*Enter Fiddles playing, Mr. Bearjest and Diana dancing;
Bredwel, Noysey. &c.*

L. *Ful.* So Cousin, I see you have found the way to Mrs. Dy's Heart.

Bea. Who I, my dear Lady Aunt, I never knew but one Way to a Womans Heart, and that Road I have not yet travell'd; For my Uncle, who is a wise Man, says Matrimony is a sort of a——kind of a——as it were d'e see of a Voyage, which every Man of Fortune is bound to make one time or other—and Madam——I am as it were——a bold Adventurer.

Dy. And are you sure, Sir, you will venture on me?

Bear. Sure?——I thank you for that——as if I could not believe my Uncle: For in this Case a young Heir has no more to do, but to come and see, settle, marry, and use you scurvily.

Dy. How Sir, scurvily?

Bear. Very scurvily, that is to say, be always fashionably drunk, despise the Tyranny of your Bed, and reign absolutely——keep a Seraglia of Women, and let my bastard Issue inherit: Be seen once a Quarter, or so, with you in the Park for Countenance, where we loll two several Ways in the gilt Coach like *Jannu*, or a Spread-Eagle.

Dy. And do you expect I shou'd be honest the while?

Bear. Heaven forbid, not I, I have not met with that Wonder in all my Travels.

L. *Ful.* How Sir, not an honest Woman?

Bear. Except my Lady Aunt——Nay as I am a Gentleman and the first of my Family——you shall pardon me, here—Cuff me, Cuff me soundly. [*Kneels to her.*]

Ent.r

Enter Gayman richly dress'd.

Gay. This Love's a damn'd bewitching thing, ~~now~~ ^{never} tho' I should lose my Affignation with my Devil, I cannot hold from seeing *Julia* to Night: hah——there, and with a Pop at her Feet.——Oh Vanity of Woman! [Softly pulls her.]

L. Fulb. Oh Sir, you'r welcome from *Northamptonshire*.

Gay. Hum——surely she knows the Cheat. [Aside.]

L. Fulb. You are so Gay, you save me Sir the Labour Of asking if your Uncle be alive.

Gay. 'Pray Heaven she have not found my Circumstances! [Aside.] But if she have, Confidence must assist me——

——And Madam you'r too Gay, for me to enquire Whether you are that *Julia*, which I left you?

L. Fulb. Oh, doubtless Sir——

Gay. But why the Devil do I ask——Yes, you are still the same; one of those hoiting Ladies, that love nothing like Fool and Fiddle; Crowds of Fops; had rather be publicly, tho' dully, flatter'd, than privately ador'd; you love to pass for the Wit of the Company, by talking all and loud.

L. Fulb. Rail on! 'till you have made me think my Vertue at so low Ebb, it should submit to you.

Gay. What——I'm not discreet enough, I'll babble all in my next high Debauch, Boast of your Favors, and describe your Charms To every wishing Fool?

L. Fulb. Or make most filthy Verses of me—— Under the name of *Cloris*——you *Philander*, Who in lewd Rhimes confess the dear Appointment; What Hour, and where, how silent was the Night, How full of Love your Eyes, and Wishing mine. Faith no; if you can afford me a Please of your Love, 'Till the Old Gentleman my Husband depart this wicked World, I'm for the Bargain.

Sir Can. Hum——what's here, a young Spark at my Wife? [Goes about 'em.]

Gay. Unreasonable *Julia*, is that all, My Love, my Sufferings, and my Vows must hope? Set me an Age——say when you will be kind, And I will languish out in starving Wish. But thus to gape for Legacies of Love, 'Till Youth be past Enjoyment, The Devil I will assoon——farewel—— [Offers to go.]

L. Fulb. Stay, I conjure you stay.

Gay. And loose my Affignation with my Devil. [Aside.]

Sir Can. 'Tis so, Ay, Ay, 'tis so, — and Wife men will perceive it; 'tis here — here in my Forehead, it more than Buds; it ~~prosses, it flourish~~.

Sir Feeb. So, that young Gentleman has nett'd him, stung him ~~tooth~~ quick: I hope he'll chain her up — the Gad Bee's in his ~~Quandrum~~ — in Charity I'll relieve him — come my Lady ~~Fulbank~~, the Night grows old upon our hands, to dancing, to jiggering — Come shall I lead your Ladyship?

L. Fulb. No Sir, you see I am better provided —

[Takes Gayman's hand.]

Sir Can. Ay, no doubt on't, a Pox on him for a young handsom Dog. [They dance all,

Sir Feeb. Very well, very well, now the Posset, and then — ods bobs, and then —

Dia. And then we'll have t'other Dance.

Sir Feeb. Away Girls, away, and steal the Bride to Bed; they have a deal to do upon their Wedding-nights; and what with the tedious Ceremonies of dressing and undressing, the smutty Lectures of the Women, by way of Instruction, and the little Stratagems of the young Wenches — ods bobs, a man's couzen'd of half his Night: Come Gentlemen, one Bottle, and then — we'll to's the Stocken. [Exit all but L. Fulb Bred, who are talking, and Gayman.]

L. Fulb. But dost thou think he'll come?

Bred. I do believe so Madam —

L. Fulb. Be sure you contrive it so, he may not know whither, or to whom he comes.

Bred. I warrant you Madam for our Parts.

[Exit Bred well stealing out Gayman.]

L. Fulb. How now, what departing?

Gay. You are going to the Bride-Chamber.

L. Fulb. No matter, you shall stay —

Gay. I hate to have you in a Crowd.

L. Fulb. Can you deny me — will you not give me one Lone hour i'th' Garden?

Gay. Where we shall only tantalize each other with dull Kissing, and part with the same Appetite we met — no Madam, besides I have Business —

L. Fulb. Some Affignation — is it so indeed?

Gay. Away; you cannot think me such a Traytor; 'tis most important Business.

L. Fulb. Oh 'tis too late for Business — let to Morrow serve.

Gay. By no means — the Gentleman is to go out of Town.

L. Fulb. Rise the earlier then —

Gay. — But Madam, the Gentleman lies dangerously —

sick

sick——— and should he die———

L. Fulb. 'Tis not a dying Uncle, I hope Sir?

Gay. Hum———

L. Fulb. The Gentleman a dying, and to go out of Town to Morrow!

Gay. Ay——— a——— he goes——— in a Litter——— 'tis his Fancy Madam——— Change of Air may recover him.

L. Fulb. So may your change of Mistress do me Sir——— fare-well. [Goes out.]

Gay. Stay Julia——— Devil be damn'd——— for you shall tempt no more, I'll love and be undone——— but she is gone———

And if I stay the most that I shall gain

Is but a reconciling Look, or Kiss.

No my kind Goblin———

*I'll keep my Word with thee, as the least Evil,
A tantalizing Woman's worse than Devil.*

The End of the Second Act.

ACT III. SCENE I. Sir Feeble's House.

The Second Song before the Entry.

A SONG made by Mr. Cheek.

NO more Lucinda, ah! expose no more
To the admiring World those conqu'ring Charms:
In vain all day unhappy men adore,
What the kind Night gives to my longing Arms.
Their vain Attempts can ne'r successful prove,
Whilst I so well maintain the Fort of Love.

Yet to the World with so bewitching Arts,
Your dazzling Beauty you around display,
And triumph in the Spoils of broken hearts,
That sink beneath your feet, and crowd your way:
Ah! suffer now your Cruelty to cease,
And to a fruitless War prefer a Peace.

*Enter Ralph with Light, Sir Feeble, and Belmour
sad.*

Sir Fee. **S**O, for their gone — Come *Francis*, you shall have the Honour of Undressing me for the Encounter, but 'twill be a Sweet one, *Francis*.

Bel. Hell take him, how he teizes me? [*Undressing all the while.*]

Sir Feeb. But is the young Rogue laid *Francis* — is she stoln to Bed? What Tricks the young Baggages have to whet a man's Appetite?

Bel. Ay Sir — Pox on him — he will raise my Anger up to Madness, and I shall kill him, to prevent his going to Bed to her.

Sir Feeb. A pife of those Bandstrings — the more Hast the less Speed.

Bel. Be it so in all things, I beseech thee *Venus*?

Sir Feeb. Thy Aid a little *Francis* — oh — oh — thou choakst me. 'Sbobs, what dost mean — [*Pinches him by the Throat.*]

Bel. You had so hamper'd em Sir — the Devil's very mischievous in me. [*Aside.*]

Sir Feeb. Come, come quick, good *Francis*, adod I'm as yare as a Hawk at the young Wanton — nimble good *Francis*, untruss, untruss —

Bel. Cramps seize ye — what shall I do — the near Approach distracts me!

Sir Feeb. So, so, my Breeches, good *Francis*. But well *Francis*, how dost think I got the young Jade my Wife?

Bel. With five hundred pounds a year Joynture Sir.

Sir Feeb. No, that wou'd not do, the Baggage was damnably in love with a young Fellow, they call *Belmour*, a handsome young Rascal he was they say, that's truth on't, and a pretty Estate, but hapning to kill a Man, he was forc'd to flye.

Bel. That was great pity Sir.

Sir Feeb. Pity, hang him Rogue, 'sbobs, and all the young Fellows in the Town deserve it; we can never keep our Wives and Daughters honest for rampant young Dogs; and an old Fellow cannot put in amongst em, under being undone, with Presenting, and the Devil and all. But what dost think I did, being damnably in Love — I feign'd a Letter as from the *Hague*, wherein was a Relation of this same *Belmour*'s being hang'd.

Bel. Is't possible Sir; cou'd you devise such News?

Sir Feeb. Possible man? I did it, I did it; the swooned at the News,

News, shut her self up a whole Month in her Chamber; but I presented high; she fight and wept, and swore she'd never marry. Still I presented, she hated, loathed, spit upon me, still add I presented! till I presented my self effectually in Church to her; for she at last wisely considered her Vows were cancell'd since *Belmour* was hang'd.

Bel. Faith Sir, this was very cruel to take away his Fame, and then his Mistress.

Sir Feeb. Cruel, thou'rt an Ass, we are but even with the brisk Rogues, for they take away our Fame, Cuckold us, and take away our Wives. ——— So, so, my Cap *Francis*.

Bel. And do you think this Marriage lawful Sir?

Sir Feeb. Lawful; it shall be when I've had Livery and Seisin of her Body ——— and that shall be presently Rogue ——— quick ——— besides this, *Belmour* dares as well be hang'd as come into *England*.

Bel. If he gets his Pardon Sir ———

Sir Feeb. Pardon, no, no, I have took care for that, for I have you must know got his Pardon already.

Bel. How Sir, got his Pardon; that's some amends for robbing him of his Wife.

Sir Feeb. Hold honest *Francis*; what dost think 'twas in Kindness to him? no you Fool, I got his Pardon my self, that no body else should have it, so that if he gets any Body to speak to his Majesty for it, his Majesty crys he has granted it; but for want of my Appearance, he's defunct, trust up, hang'd *Francis*.

Bel. This is the most excellent Revenge I ever heard of.

Sir Feeb. Ay, I learnt it of a great Politician of our Times.

Bel. But have you got his Pardon? ———

Sir Feeb. I've don't, I've don't; Pox on him, it cost me five hundred pounds tho! here 'tis, my Solicitor brought it me this Evening. [Gives it him.]

Bel. This was a lucky Hit ——— and if it scape me, let me be hang'd by a Trick indeed.

Sir Feeb. So, put it into my Cabinet ——— safe *Francis*, safe.

Bel. Safe I'll warrant you Sir.

Sir Feeb. My Gown, quick, quick ——— t'other Sleeve, man ——— so now my Night-Cap; well I'll in, throw open my Gown to fright away the Women, and jump into her Arms.

[Exit Sir Feeble.]

Bel. He's gone, quickly Oh Love inspire me!

Enter a Footman.

Foot. Sir, my Master *Sir Cautious Fulbank* left his Watch on the little

little Parlor-Table to Night, and bid me call for't.

Bel. Hah—— the Bridegroom has it Sir, who is just gone to Bed, it shall be sent him in the Morning.

Foot. 'Tis very well Sir—— your Servant——

Bel. Let me see—— here is the Watch, I took it up to keep for him—— but his sending has inspir'd me with a sudden Stratagem, that will do better than Force, to secure the poor trembling *Leticia*—— who I am sure is dying with her Fears. *[Exit Belmour.]*

SCENE changes, to the Bedchamber; *Leticia* in an Undressing, by the Women at the Table.

Enter to them Sir Feeble Fainwou'd.

Sir Feeb. **W**hat's here? what's here? the prating Women still. Ods bobs, what not in Bed yet? for shame of *Leticia*.

Let. For shame of Modesty Sir; you wou'd not have me go to Bed before all this Company.

Sir Feeb. What the Women; why they must see you laid, 'tis the Fashion.

Let. What with a Man? I wou'd not for the World. Oh *Belmour*, where art thou, with all thy promis'd Aid?

Dy. Nay Madam, we shou'd see you laid indeed.

Let. First in my Grave *Diana*.

Sir Feeb. Ods bobs, here's a Compact amongst the Women—— High Treason against the Bridegroom—— therefore Ladies withdraw or adod I'll lock you all in.

[Throws open his Gown, they run all away, he locks the Door.]
So, so, now we're alone *Leticia*—— off with this foolish Modesty, and Night-Gown, and slide into my Arms, *[She runs from him.]*
He' my little Puskin—— what fly me my Coy *Daphne*,

[He pursues her.] [Knocking.]
Hah—— who's that knocks—— who's there?

Bel. 'Tis I Sir, 'tis I, open the Door presently.

Sir Feeb. Why, what's the matter, is the House on fire?

Bel. Worse Sir, worse—— *[He opens the Door, Belmour enters with the Watch in his hand.]*

Let. 'Tis *Belmour*'s Voyce!

Bel. Oh Sir, do you know this Watch?

Sir Feeb. This Watch.

Bel. Ay Sir, this Watch.

Sir Feeb. This Watch———why prethee, why dost tell me of a Watch, 'tis *Sir Cautious Fulbank's* Watch, what then, what a Fox dost trouble me with Watches. [*Offers to put him out, he returns.*]

Bel. 'Tis indeed his Watch Sir, and by this Token he has sent for you, to come immediately to his House Sir.

Sir Feeb. What a Devil art *Mad Francis*, or is his Worship Mad, or does he think me Mad———go prethee tell him I'll come to him to Morrow. [*Goes to put him out.*]

Bel. To Morrow Sir, why all our Throats may be cut before to Morrow.

Sir Feeb. What sayst thou, Throats cut?

Bel. Why, the City's up in Arms Sir, and all the Aldermen are met at *Guild-Hall*; some damnable Plot Sir.

Sir Feeb. Hah———Plot———the Aldermen met at *Guild-Hall*?——hum——why let 'em meet, I'll not lose this Night to save the Nation.

Let. Wou'd you to bed Sir, when the weighty Affairs of State require your Presence.

Sir Feeb. —Hum——met at *Guild-hall*?——my Cloaths, my Gown again *Francis*, I'll out——out, what upon my Wedding night? no—I'll in. [*Putting on his Gown pausing, pulls it off again.*]

Let. For shame Sir, shall the Reverend Council of the City debate without you?

Sir Feeb. Ay, that's true, that's true, come trufs again *Francis*, trufs again———yet now I think on't *Francis*, prethee run thee to the Hall, and tell 'em 'tis my Wedding-Night, d'ye see *Francis*; and let some body give my Voice for———

Bel. What Sir?

Sir Feeb. Adod I cannot tell; up in Arms say you, why, -let 'em fight Dog, fight Bear; man, I'll to Bed———go———

Let. And shall his Majesty's Service and his Safety lie unregarded for a flight Woman Sir?

Sir Feeb. Hum, his Majesty!——come, hast *Francis*, I'll away, and call *Ralph*, and the Footmen, and bid 'em Arm; each man shoulder his Musket, and advance his Pike———and bring my Artillery Implements quick———and let's away: Pupsy———b'u'y Pupsy, I'll bring it a fine thing yet before Morning, it may be———let's away; I shall grow fond, and forget the Business of the Nation———come follow me *Francis*———

[*Exit Sir Feeble*; *Belmour runs to Leticia.*]

Bel. Now my *Leticia*, if thou e'r didst love!
If ever thou design'st to make me blest———
Without delay fly this Adulterous Bed!

Sir Feeb. Why *Francis*--where are you Knave? [*Sir Feeb. within.*
Bel. I must be gone, lest he suspect us.——I'll loose him,
 and return to thee immediately—get thy self ready——
Let. I will not fail my Love. [Exit *Belmour.*

——*Old man forgive me—thou the Aggressor art,
 Who rudely forc'd the Hand without the Heart.
 She cannot from the Paths of Honour rove,
 Whose Guide's Religion, and whose End is Love.* [Exit.

Scene changes to a Wash-House, or out-House.

*Enter with Dark-lanthorn Bredwel disguis'd like a Devil,
 leading Gayman.*

Bred. Stay here, till I give notice of your coming.

[Exit *Bredwel*, leaves his *Dark-lanthorn*.

Gay. Kind Light, a little of your Aid---now must I be peeping
 tho my Curiosity should lose me all-----hah-----Zouns, what's
 here---a Hovel or a Hog-sty? hum, see the Wickedness of Man,
 that I should find no time to Swear in, but just when I'm in the
 Devils Clutches.

Enter Pert, as an old Woman with a Staff.

Old Woman. Good Even to you, fair Sir.

Gay. Ha-----defend me! if this be she, I must rival the De-
 vil, that's certain.

Old W. Come young Gentleman, dare not you venture?

Gay. He must be as hot as *Vesuvius*, that do's-----I shall never
 earn my Morning's Present.

Old W. What do you fear, a longing Woman Sir?

Gay. The Devil I do-----this is a damn'd Preparation to
 Love.

Old W. Why stand you gazing Sir, a Womans Passion is like
 the Tide, it stays for no man when the Hour is come-----

Gay. I'm sorry I have took it at the Turning.
 I'm sure mine's ebbing out as fast.

Old W. Will you not speak Sir-----will you not on?

Gay. I wou'd fain ask-----a civil Question or two first.

Old W. You know, too much Curiosity lost Paradise.

Gay. Why there's it now.

Old W. Fortune and Love invite you if you dare follow me.

Gay. This is the first thing in Peticoats that ever dar'd me in
 vain. Were I but sure she were but Humane now-----for sundry
 Considerations

Considerations she might down——but I will on——
 [She goes, he follows, both go out.]

SCENE. A Chamber in the Apartment of L. Fulbank.

Enter Old Women follow'd by Gayman in the dark,

——Hah, Musick——[Soft Musick plays, she leaves him.]
 ——and Excellent!

S O N G.

O H! Love, that stronger art than Wine,
 Pleasing Delusion, Witchery divine,
 Want to be priz'd above all Wealth,
 Disease that has more Joys than Health.
 Tho we blaspheme thee in our Pain,
 And of thy Tyranny complain,
 We all are better'd by thy Reign.

What Reason never can bestow
 We to this useful Passion owe.
 Love wakes the Dull from sluggish Ease,
 And learns a Clown the Art to please.
 Humbles the Vain, kindles the Cold,
 Makes Misers free, and Cowards bold.
 'Tis he reforms the Sor from Drink,
 And teaches airy Fops to think,

When full-bru'd Appetite is fed,
 And choak'd the Glutton lyes, and dead:
 Thou new Spirits does dispence,
 And fines the gross Delights of Sense.
 Vertues unconquerable Aid,
 That against Nature can perswade:
 And makes a roveing Mind retire
 Within the Bounds of just Desire.
 Chearer of Age, Touths kind unrest,
 And half the Heaven of the Blest.

Ah Julia, Julia! if this soft Preparation
 Were but to bring me to thy dear Embraces;
 What different Motions wou'd surround my Soul,
 From what perplex it now.

F

Enter

Enter Nymphs and Shepherds, and dance.

[Then two dance alone. All go out but Pert and a Shepherd.]
 If these be Divels, they are obliging ones.
 I did not care if I ventur'd on that last Female Fiend.

Man sings.

*Cease your Wonder, cease your Guesse,
 Whence arrives your Happiness.
 Cease your Wonder, cease your Pain.
 Humane Fancy is in vain.*

*Chorus. 'Tis enough you once shall find,
 Fortune may to Worth be kind;
 And Love can leave off being blind.*

[gives him Gold.]

Pert sings.

*You, before you enter here—
 On this sacred Ring must swear.
 By the Figure which is round,
 Your Passion constant and profound.
 By the Adamantine Stone,
 To be fixt to me alone.
 By the Lustre which is true,
 Ne'er to break your sacred Vow.
 Lastly by the Gold that's round
 For Love all Dangers to abide.*

*[Puts it on his Finger,
 & holds his Hand.]*

They all dance about him, while those two sing.

*Man. Once about him let us sing,
 To confirm him true to Love.*

*Pert. Twice with mystick turning Feet,
 Make him silent and discreet.*

*Man. Thrice about him let us tread,
 To keep him ever young in Bed.*

[bis.]

[bis]

[bis.]

[Gives him another part.]

*Man. Forget Aminta's proud Disdain,
 Taft here, and sigh no more in vain.
 The Joy of Love without the Pain.*

Pert.

Then tast, and sigh no more in vain,

The Joy of Love without the Pain.

The Joy of Doubt with Some New Pain:

Professional Dancers: Looks on himself and feels about him

Gay. What the Devil can all this mean? If there be a Woman in the Case——Sure I have not liv'd so bad a Life, to gain the dull Reputation of so modest a Coxcomb, but that a Female might down with me, without all this Ceremony. Is it care of her Honour?——that cannot be——this Age afford none so nice: nor Fiend, nor Goddess can she be, for these I saw were mortal! No——'tis a Woman——I am positive. Not young nor handsome, for then Vanity had made her Glory to 'ave been seen. No——since 'tis resolv'd a Woman——she must be old and ugly, and will not baulk my Fancy with her Sight. But baits me more with this essential Beauty.

Well—be she young or old, Woman or Devil,
She pays, and I'll endeavour to be civil.

in the same House.

The flat Scene of the Hall. After a knocking, Enter Bredwel in his masking Habit, with his Vizard in one Hand and a Light in t'other in haste.

Bred. **H**Ah, knocking so late at at our Gate—— (*Opens the Door.*
Enter Sir Feeble dress'd and arm'd Cap-a-pee with a broad
waist Belt stuck round with Pistols, a Helmet, Scarfe,
Buffcoat and half Pike.

Sir Feeb. How now, how now, what's the matter here?

Bred. Matter, what is my Lady's innocent Intrigue found out?—Heav'n's Sir what makes you here in this warlike Equipage?

Sir Feeb. What makes you in this showing Equipage Sir?

Bred. I have been dancing among some of my Friends.

Sir Feck. And I thought to have been fighting with some of my Friends. Where's Sir Cautious? where's Sir Cautious?

Bred. Sir Cautious—Sir, in Bed.

Sir Feeb. Call him, call him——quickly good Edward!

Bred. Sure my Lady's Frolick is betray'd and he comes to make
Mischief. However I'll go and secure Mr. Gayman. *[Exit Bredwel.]*

Enter Sir Cautious and Boy with Light.

Dick. Pray Sir go to Bed, here's no Thieves; all's still and well.

Sir Can. This last Nights Misfortune of mine *Dick*, has kept me
waking and methought all Night I heard a kind of a silent Noise. I
am still afraid of Thieves, mercy upon me to loose five hundred
Ginneys at one clap *Dick*—Hah—blefs me! What's yonder!
Blow the great Horn *Dick*—Thieves—Murder, Murder.

Sir Feeb. Why what a Pox are you mad? 'Tis I, 'tis I Man.

Sir Can. I, who am I? Speak—declare—pronounce.

Sir Feeb. Your Friend old Feeble Fairwood.

Sir Can. How, Sir Feeble! At this late Hour, and on his Wedding
Night—why what's the matter Sir—is it Peace or War
with you?

Sir Feeb. A Mistake—a Mistake—proceed to the Business
good Brother, for time you know is precious.

Sir Can. Some strange Catastrophe has happened between him
and his Wife to Night, that makes him disturb me thus—*[Aside]*
—come sit good Brother, and to the Business as you say—

*They sit one at one end of the Table, the other at the other, Dick sets
down the Light and goes out—both sit gaping and staring and ex-
pecting when either shou'd speak.*

Sir Feeb. As soon as you please Sir. Lord how wildly he stares!
He's much disturb'd in's Mind—well Sir let us be brief—

Sir Can. As brief as you please Sir, well Brother—

[pawing still.]

Sir Feeb. So Sir.

Sir Can. How strangely he stares and gapes—some deep
Concern!

Sir Feeb. Hum—hum—

Sir Can. I listen to you, advance—

Sir Feeb. Sir?

Sir Can. A very distracted Countenance—pray Heaven he be
not mad, and a young Wife is able to make any old Fellow mad,
that's the Truth on't. *[Aside.]*

Sir Feeb. Sure 'tis something of his Lady—he's so loath to
bring it out—I am sorry you are thus disturb'd Sir.

Sir Can. No disturbance to serve a Friend—

Sir Feeb. I think I am your Friend indeed *Sir Cautious*, or I wou'd
not have been here upon my Wedding Night.

Sir Can. His Wedding Night—there lies his Grief poor Heart!
Perhaps she has cuckolded him already—

[Aside.]

Well

— Well come Brother — many such things are done —

Sir Feeb. Done — hum — come out with it Brother — what troubles you to Night.

Sir Can. Troubles me — why, knows he I am rob'd? [Aside.

Sir Feeb. I may perhaps restore you to the Rest you've lost.

Sir Can. The Rest, why have I lost more since? Why know you then who did it? Oh how I'll be revenged upon the Rascal?

Sir Feeb. 'Tis — Jealousie, the old Worm that bites — [Aside
Who is it you suspect?

Sir Can. Alas I know not whom to suspect, I would I did; but if you cou'd discover him — I would so swinge him. —

Sir Feeb. I know him — what do you take me for a Pimp Sir? I know him — there's your Watch again Sir, I'm your Friend, but no Pimp Sir — [Rises in Rage.

Sir Can. My Watch, I thank you Sir — but why Pimp Sir?

Sir Feeb. Oh a very thriving Calling Sir — and I have a young Wife to practice with. I know your Rogues?

Sir Can. A young Wife — 'tis so, his Gentlewoman has been at Hot-Cockles without her Husband, and he's Horn mad upon't. I suspected her being so close in with his Nephew — in a Fit with a Pox — [Aside.

Come come Sir Feeble 'tis many an honest Mans Fortune.

Sir Feeb. I grant it Sir — but to the Business Sir I came for.

Sir Can. With all my Soul — [They sit gaping and expecting when either shou'd speak. Enter Bredwel and Gayman at the Door. Bredwel sees them and puts Gayman back again.

Bred. Hah — Sir Feeble — and Sir Cautious there — what shall I do? For this Way we must pass, and to carry him back would discover my Lady to him, betray all and spoil the Jest — retire Sir; your Life depends upon your being unseen. [Go out.

Sir Feeb. Well Sir, — do you not know that I am married Sir? And this my Wedding Night?

Sir Can. Very good Sir.

Sir Feeb. And that I long to be in Bed!

Sir Can. Very well Sir —

Sir Feeb. Very good Sir, and very well Sir — why then what the Devil do I make here Sir! [Rises in a Rage.

Sir Can. Patience Brother — and forward —

Sir Feeb. Forward — lend me your Hand good Brother — lets feel your Pulse — how has this Night gone with you?

Sir Can. Ha, ha, ha — this is the oddest Quonundrum — sure he's mad — and yet now I think on't, I have not slept to Night, nor shall I ever sleep again till I have found the Villain that rob'd me. [Weeps.

Sir Feeb. So — now he weeps — far gone — this laughing and

and weeping is a very bad Sign! Come let me lead you to your Bed.

Sir Can. Mad — stark Mad — no — now I'm up 'tis no Matter — *Aside* pray ease your troubled Mind — I am your Friend — out with it — what was it acted? Or but design'd?

Sir Feeb. How Sir?

Sir Can. Be not afraid — I'm under the same Prognostic I doubt, little better than a — but let that pass —

Sir Feeb. Have you any Proof?

Sir Can. Proof of what, good Sir?

Sir Feeb. Of what, why that you'r a Cuckold — Sir a Cuckold if you'll ha't.

Sir Can. Cuckold Sir — do ye know what ye say?

Sir Feeb. What I say?

Sir Can. I, what you say, can you make this out?

Sir Feeb. I make it out —

Sir Can. Ay Sir — if you say it and cannot make it out — you're a —

Sir Feeb. What am I Sir? What am I?

Sir Can. A Cuckold as well as my self Sir, and I'll sue you for *Scandalum Magnatum*, I shall recover swinging Damages with a City Jury.

Sir Feeb. I know of no such thing Sir.

Sir Can. No Sir?

Sir Feeb. No Sir.

Sir Can. Then what wou'd you be at Sir?

Sir Feeb. I be at Sir — what wou'd you be at Sir?

Sir Can. Ha, ha, ha — why this is the strangest thing — to see an old Fellow, a Magistrate of the City, the first Night he's married forlake his Bride and Bed, and come arm'd Cap-a-pee, like *Gargantua*, to disturb another old Fellow and banter him with a Tale of a Tub; and all to be-cuckold him here — in plain English what's your Business?

Sir Feeb. Why what the Devils your Business and you go to that?

Sir Can. My Business with whom?

Sir Feeb. With me Sir, with me, what a Pox de ye think I do here.

Sir Can. 'Tis that I wou'd be glad to know Sir.

Enter Dick.

Sir Feeb. Here Dick, remember I've brought back your Masters Watch; next time he sends for me o'er Night I'll come to him in the Morning.

Sir Can. Ha, ha, ha — I send for you? Go home and sleep Sir

Sir ——— ad and ye keep your Wife waking to so little purpose
you'll go near to be haunted with a Vision of Forms.

Sir Feeb. Roguery ——— knavery to keep me from my Wife ———
Look ye this was the Message I receiv'd ——— [Tells him seemingly.]

*Enter Brodwell to the Door ——— in a white Sheet like a Ghost
speaking to Gay man who stands within.*

Brod. Now Sir we are two to two, for this Way you must pass
or be taken in the Ladys Lodgings ——— I'll first adventure out
to make you pass the safer. And that he may not, if possible, see Sir
Cautious, whom I shall fright into a Trance I am sure. [Aside.]
And Sir Feeble the Devil's in it if he know him.

Gay. A brave kind Fellow this ———

Enter Brodwell stalking on as a Ghost by them.

Sir Cau. Oh ——— undone ——— undone ——— help help ———
I'm dead, I'm dead ———

[Falls down on his Face, Sir Feeble stares ——— and stands still.]

Brod. As I could wish ——— [Aside ——— turns.]
—— Come on thou gasty thing and follow me ———

Enter Gayman like a Ghost with a Torch ———

Sir Cau. Oh Lord, oh Lord ———

Gay. Hah ——— old Sir Feeble Fainwood ——— why where the
Devil am I? ——— 'Tis he ——— and be it where it will I'll fright
the old Dotard for couzening my Friend of his Mistress ———

[stalks on ———

Sir Feeb. Oh guard me — guard me — all ye Pow'rs! [trembling.]

Gay. Thou call'st in vain fond Wretch ——— for I am Belmow,

Whom first thourself of Fame and Life.

And then what dearer was ——— his Wife ———

[Goes out shaking his Torch at him.]

Sir Cau. Oh Lord ——— oh Lord!!

Enter Lady Fulbank in an Undress, and Pert undress.

L. Fulb. Heav'ns what Noise is this? ——— So he's got safe out
I see ——— hah what thing art thou ——— [Sees Sir Feeble armed.]

Sir Feeb. Stay Madam Stay — 'tis I, 'tis I, a poor trembling Mortal —

L. Fulb. Sir Feeble Fainwood? ——— wife ——— are you both
mad? ———

Sir Cau. No no ——— Madam we have seen the Devil.

Sir Feeb. Ay and he was as tall as the Monument.

Sir Can. With Eyes like a Beacon——and a Mouth——Heav'n
bless us like *London Bridge* at a full Tide.

Sir Feeb. Ay, and roar'd as loud——

L. Fulb. Idle Fancys, what makes you from your Bed? And you
Sir from your Bride? *[Enter Dick with Sack.]*

Sir Feeb. Oh! that's the Business of another Day, a Mistake on-
ly Madam.

L. Fulb. Away, I'm a sham'd to see wise Men so weak, the Fan-
toms of the Night, or your own Shadows, the Whimseys of the
Brain for want of Rest, or perhaps *Bredwell* your Man——who
being wiser than his Master play'd you this Trick to fright you both
to Bed.

Sir Feeb. Hum——adod and that may be, for the young
Knave when he let me in to Night, was dress'd up for some Wag-
gery——

Sir Can. Ha, ha, ha, 'twas even so sure enough Brother——

Sir Feeb. Ads bobs but they frighted me at first basely——but
I'll home to Popsy, there may be Roguery, as well as here
——Madam I ask your Pardon, I see we're all mistaken.

L. Fulb. Ay, Sir Feeble; go home to your Wife. *[Exit severally.]*

SCENE *the Street.*

*Enter Belmour at the Door, knocks, and enter to him from the
House Phillis.*

Phil. OH are you come Sir, I'll call my Lady down.

Bel. OH haste, the Minutes fly——leave all behind.
And bring *Leticia* only to my Arms. *[A Noise of People.]*

——Hah——what Noise is that? 'Tis coming this Way——
I tremble with my Fears——hah——Death and the Devil
——'Tis he——

Enter Sir Feeble and his Men arm'd, goes to the Door, knocks.

Ay 'tis he——and I'm undone——what shall I do to kill
him now? besides the Sin wou'd put me past all Hopes of pardon-
ing.

Sir Feeb. A damn'd Rogue to deceive me thus——

Bel. Hah——see by Heaven *Leticia*! Oh we are ruin'd!

Sir Feeb. Hum——what's here two Women?——
[Stands a little off.]

Enter Leticia and Phillis softly undrest with a Bow.—*Exit*

Let. Where are you my best Wishes?—Lord of my Yows—and Charmer of my Soul?—Where are you?

Bell. Oh Heavens!—*[Draws his Sword half way.]*

Sir Feeb. Hum, who's here?—My Gentlewoman—of the monstrous kind of the sudden: But whom is't meant to—*[Aside.]*

Let. Give me your Hand: my Love, my Life, my all—*—Alas! where are you?*

Sir Feeb. Hum—no, no, this is not to me—I am jilted, couzen'd, Cuckol'd, and so forth—*[Groping she takes hold of Sir Feeb.]*

Let. Oh are you here, indeed you frighted me with your Silence—here take these Jewels and let us haste away.

Sir Feeb. Hum—are you thereabouts Mistress, was I sent away with a Sham-Plot for this!—She can not mean it to me.

Let. Will you not speak—will you not answer me?—do you repent already?—before Injoyment are you cold and false?

Sir Feeb. Hum—before Injoyment—that must be me? Before Injoyment—Ay ay 'tis I—I see a little—*[Merrily.]* Prolonging a Womans Joy, sets an Edge upon her Appetite.

Let. What means my Dear? Shall we not haste away?

Sir Feeb. Haste away? there 'tis again—no—'tis not me she means what at your Tricks and Intrigues already—yes yes I am destin'd a Cuckold—

Let. Say, am I not your Wife; can you deny mé?

Sir Feeb. Wife! adod 'tis I she means—'tis I she means—*[Merrily.]*

Let. Oh, Belmour, Belmour! *[Sir Feeb. starts back from her Hands.]*

Sir Feeb. Hum—what's that—*Belmour?*

Let. Hah! *Sir Feeble!*—he would not, Sir, have us'd me thus unkindly.

Sir Feeb. Oh—I'm glad 'tis no worse—*Belmour* quoth a; I thought the Ghost was come again.

Phill. Why did you not speak, Sir, all this while?—my Lady weeps with 'your Unkindness.

Sir Feeb. I did but hold my peace to hear how prettily she prattled Love: But fags you are nought to think of a young Fellow—adsbobs you are now.

Let. I only said—he wou'd not have been so unkind to me.

Sir Feeb. But what makes ye out at this Hour, and with these Jewels?

Phill. Alas Sir, we thought the City was in Arms, and pack't up our things to secure 'em, if there had been a Necessity for Flight. For had they come to Plundering once, they wou'd have begun with the rich Aldermen's Wives, you know Sir.

Sir Feeb. Adsbobs and so they would—but there was no

Arms——nor Mutiny——where's *Francis*?

Bel. Here Sir.

Sir Fee. Here Sir——why what a Story you made of a Meeting in the Hall and——Arms and——a——the Divil of any thing was stirring, but a couple of old Fools, that sat gaping and waiting for one anothers Business——

Bel. Such a Message was brought me Sir.

Sir Fee. Brought; thou'rt an Ass *Francis*——but no more——come, come, lets to Bed.——

Let. To Bed Sir? what by Day-light——for that's hasting on——I would not for the World——the Night would hide my Blushes——but the Day——would let me see my self in your Embraces.

Sir Fee. Embraces, in a Fiddlestick, why are we not marry'd?

Let. 'Tis true Sir, and Time will make me more familiar with you, but yet my virgin Modesty forbids it. I'll to *Diana's* Chamber, the Night will come again.

Sir Fee. For once you shall prevail; and this Damn'd Jant has pretty well mortified me: ——a Pox of your Mutiny *Francis*——Come I'll conduct thee to *Diana*, and lock thee in, that I may have thee safe Rogue.——

*We'll give young Wenches leave to whine and blush,
And by those Blessings which——ads bobs they wish.*

The End of the third Act.

ACT IV.

you——SCENE I. *Sir Feeble's House.*

Enter Lady Fulbank, Gayman fine, gently pulling her back by the Hand; and Ralph meets 'em.

L. Fulb. **H**OW now *Ralph*——Let your Lady know I am come to wait on her. [*Exit Ralph.*]

Gay. Oh why this needless Visit——
Your Husbands safe, at least till Evening safe.
Why will you not go back?

And give me one soft Hour, though to torment me.

L. Fulb. You are at Leisure now I thank you Sir.
Last Night when I with all Loves Rhetorick pleaded,

And Heaven knows what last Night might have produced,
 You were engag'd! False Man, I do believe it,
 And I am satish'd you love me not. [Walks away in scorn.

Gay. Not love you!

Why do I waste my Youth in vain Pursuit,
 Neglecting Interest, and despising Power!
 Unheeding, and despising other Beauties.
 Why at your Feet is all my Fortune laid,
 And why does all my Fate depend on you?

L. Fulb. I'll not consider why you play the Fool,
 Present me Rings and Bracelets; Why pursue me;
 Why watch whole Nights before my *senseless* Door,
 And take such Pains to show your self a Coxcomb——

Gay. Oh! why all this?

By all the Powers above! by this dear Hand,
 And by this Ring, which on this Hand I place,
 On which I've sworn Fidelity to Love;
 I never had a Wish or soft Desire
 To any other Woman,

Since *Julia* sway'd the Empire of my Soul! [Aside.

L. Fulb. Hah, my own Ring I gave him last Night.
 —— Your Jewel Sir, is rich,
 Why do you part with things of so much value
 So easily, and so frequently?

Gay. To strengthen the weak Arguments of Love.

L. Fulb. And leave your self undone?

Gay. Impossible, if I am blest with *Julia*.

L. Fulb. Love's a thin Dyet, nor will keep out Cold,
 You cannot satisfy your Dunning Taylor,
 To cry —— I am in love!

Tho possible you may your Seamstress.

Gay. Does ought about me speak such Poverty?

L. Fulb. I am sorry that it does not, since to maintain this Gallantry, 'tis said you use base means, below a Gentleman.

Gay. Who dares but to imagine it's a Rascal, a Slave, below a Beating—— what means my *Julia*?

L. Fulb. No more dissembling, I know your Land is gone ——
 I know each Circumstance of all your wants, therefore —— as
 e'er you hope that I should love you ever, tell me —— where 'twas
 you got this Jewel Sir.

Gay. Hah —— I hope 'tis no stol'n Goods; [Aside.
 Why on the sudden all this nice Examining?

L. Fulb. You trifle with me, and I'll plead no more.

Gay. Stay —— why —— I bought it Madam ——

L. Fulb. Where had you Money Sir? you see I am no Stranger
 to your Poverty.

Gay. This is strange——perhaps it is a Secret.

L. Fulb. So is my love, which shall be kept from you. *[Offers to go.]*

Gay. Stay Julia——your Will shall be obey'd!—— *[Sighing.]*

Though I had rather die, than be obedient,
Because I know you'll hate me, when 'tis told.

L. Fulb. By all my Vows, let it be what it will,
It ne'er shall alter me from loving you.

Gay. I have——of late——been tempted——
With Presents, Jewels, and large Sums of Gold.

L. Fulb. Tempted! by whom?

Gay. The Devil, for ought I know.

L. Fulb. Defend me Heaven! the Devil?
I hope you have not made a Contract with him?

Gay. No, tho in the shape of Woman it appear'd.

L. Fulb. Where met you with it?

Gay. By Magick Art I was conducted——I know not how,
To an enchanted Palace in the Clouds,
Where I was so attended——

Young Dancing——singing Fiends innumerable!

L. Fulb. Imagination! all

Gay. But for the Amorous Devil, the old *Proserpine*.

L. Fulb. Ay she——what said she?——

Gay. Not a Word! Heaven be prais'd, she was a silent Devil——
but she was laid in a Pavillion, all form'd of gilded Clouds, which
hung by Geometry, whither I was convey'd, after much Ceremony,
and laid in Bed with her; where much ado, and trembling with
my Fears——I forc'd my Arms about her.

L. Fulb. And sure that undeciv'd him—— *[Aside.]*

Gay. But such a Carcase! was deliver me——so rivell'd, lean,
and rough——a Canvas Bag of wooden Ladles were a better Bed-
fellow.

L. Fulb. Now tho I know that nothing is more distant than I
from such a Monster——yet this angers me.
Death cou'd you love me and submit to this?

Gay. 'Twas that first drew me in——
The tempting Hope of means to conquer you,
Wou'd put me upon any dangerous Enterprize!
Were I the Lord of all the Universe,
I am so lost in Love,

For one dear Night to clasp you in my Arms,
I'd lavish all that World——then die with Joy.

L. Fulb. 'S'life after all to seem'd or m'd, old, ugly——

Gay. I knew you would be angry when you heard it.

[He pursues her in a submissive posture.]

Enter

Enter Sir Cautious, Bearjest, Noysey and Bredwel.

Sir Can. ——— How, what's here ——— my Lady with the Spark that courted her last Night ——— hum ——— with her again so soon ——— well this Impudence and Importunity undoes more City Wives than all their unmerciful Finery.

Gay. But Madam ———

L. Fulb. Oh here's my Husband ——— you'd best tell him your Story ——— what makes him here so soon ——— [*Angry.*

Sir Can. Me his Story ——— I hope he will not tell me he's a mind to Cuckold me!

Gay. A Devil on him, what shall I say to him?

L. Fulb. What ——— so Excellent at Intrigues, and so Dull at an Excuse? [*Aside.*

Gay. Yes Madam, I shall tell him ———

Enter Belmour.

L. Fulb. ——— Is my Lady at leisure for a Visit Sir?

Bel. Always to receive your Ladyship. [*She goes out.*

Sir Can. With me Sir, would you speak?

Gay. With you Sir, if your Name be *Fulbank*?

Sir Can. Plain *Fulbank*, me thinks you might have had a Sir-reverence under your Girdle Sir, I am Honour'd with another Title Sir ——— [*Goes talking to the rest.*

Gay. With many Sir, that very well become you ——— [*Pulls him a little aside.*

I've something to deliver to your Ear.

Sir Can. So, I'll be hang'd if he do not tell me, I'm a Cuckold now. I see it in his Eyes; my Ear Sir, I'd have you to know I scorn any man's Secrets Sir ——— for ought I know you may whisper Treason to me Sir. Pox on him, how handfom he is, I hate the sight of the young Stallion. [*Aside.*

Gay. I wou'd not be uncivil Sir, before all this Company.

Sir Can. Uncivil ——— Ay, Ay, 'tis so, he cannot be content to Cuckold me, but he must tell me so too.

Gay. But since you'll have it Sir ——— you are ——— a Rascal ——— a most notorious Villain Sir, d'e hear ———

Sir Can. Yes, yes, I do ——— hear ——— and am glad 'tis no worse. [*Laughing.*

Gay. Gripping as Hell ——— and as insatiable ——— worse than a Brokering Jew, not all the twelve Tribes harbours such a damn'd Extortioner.

Sir Can. Pray under favour Sir ——— who are you? [*Pulling off his Hat.*

Gay.

Gay. One whom thou hast undone——

Sir *Can.* Hum——I'm glad of that *however.* [*Aside smiling.*]

Gay. Racking me up to starving Want and Misery,
Then took Advantages to ruin me.

Sir *Can.* So, and he'd revenge it on my Wife—— [*Aside smiling.*]

Gay. Do you not know one *Wastall* Sir?

Enter Ralph with Wine, sets it on a Table.

Sir *Can.* *Wastall*—— ha, ha, ha——if you are any Friend
to that poor Fellow——you may return and tell him Sir——d'e
hear——that the Mortgage of two hundred pound a Year is this
Day out, and I'll not bate him an Hour Sir—— ha, ha, ha——
——what do you think to hector civil Magistrates?

Gay. Very well Sir, and is this your Conscience?

Sir *Can.* Conscience——what do you tell me of Conscience?
Why what a Noise's here——as if the undoing a young Heir
were such a Wonder; ods so I've undone a hundred without half
this ado.

Gay. I do believe thee——and am come to tell you——I'll be
none of that Number——for this Minute I'll go and redeem
it——and free my Self from the Hell of your Indentures.

Sir *Can.* How redeem it, sure the Devil must help him then!
——Stay Sir——stay——Lord Sir what need you put your
self to that trouble, your Land is in safe Hands Sir, come come
sit down——and let us take a Glas of Wine together Sir——

Bel. Sir my Service to you.

Gay. Your Servant Sir. Wou'd I cou'd come to speak to *Belmour*
which I dare not do in Publick, least I betray him. I long to be re-
solv'd where 'twas Sir *Feeble* was last Night——if it were he
——by which I might find out my invisible Mistress.

Noy. Noble Mr. *Wastall*—— [*Salutes him; so does Bearjeft.*]

Bel. Will you please to sit Sir?

Gay. I have a little Business Sir——but anon I'll wait on you
——your Servant Gentlemen——I'll to *Crap* the Scriveners.

Sir *Can.* Do you know this *Wastall* Sir!—— [*Goes out.*]

Noy. Know him Sir, Ay too well—— [*To Noyffe.*]

Bea. The Worlds well amended with him Captain, since I lost my
Money to him and you at the George in *White Fryars.*

Noy. Ay poor Fellow——he's sometimes up and sometimes
down, as the Dice favour him——

Bea. Faith and that's pity; but how came he so fine o'th'sudden:
'twas but last Week he borrowed eighteen pence of me on his
Wast

Wast Belt to pay his Dinner in an Ordinary.

Bel. Were you so cruel Sir to take it?

Noy. We are not all one Mans Children ; faith Sir, we are here to Day and gone to Morrow ———.

Sir Can. I say 'twas done like a wise Man Sir ——— but under Favour Gentlemen this *Wastall* is a Rascal ———.

Noy. A very Rascal Sir, and a most dangerous Fellow ——— he cullys in your Prentices and Calhiers to play ——— which ruins so many o'th' young Fry i'th' City ———.

Sir Can. Hum ——— does he so ——— do hear that *Edward*?

Noy. Then he keeps a private Press and prints your *Amsterdam* and *Leyden* Libels.

Sir Can. Ay and makes 'em too I'll warrant him ; a dangerous Fellow ———.

Noy. Sometimes he begs for a lame Souldier with a wooden Leg.

Bea. Sometimes as a blind Man sells Switches in *New-market* Road.

Noy. At other times he runs the Country like a Gipsy ——— tells Fortunes and robs Hedges, when he's out of Linnen.

Sir Can. Tells Fortunes too ——— nay I thought he dealt with the Devil ——— well Gentlemen you are all wide o'this Matter ——— for to tell you the Truth ——— he deals with the Devil Gentlemen ——— otherwise he could never have redeem'd his Land. [*Aside.*]

Bel. How Sir, the Devil?

Sir Can. I say the Devil. Heav'n blefs every wise Man from the Devil.

Bea. The Devil, sha! there's no such Animal in Nature. I rather think he pads.

Noy. Oh Sir he has not Courage for that ——— but he's an admirable Fellow at your Lock.

Sir Can. Lock! My Study Lock was pickt ——— I begin to suspect him ———.

Bea. I saw him once open a Lock with the Bone of a Breast of Mutton, and break an Iron Bar asunder with the Eye of a needle.

Sir Can. Prodigious ——— well I say the Devil still.

Enter Sir Feeble.

Who's this talks of the Devil ——— a Pox of the Devil I say, this last Nights Devil has so haunted me ———.

Sir Can. Why have you seen it since Brother?

Sir Feeb. In Imagination Sir.

Bel. How Sir a Devil?

Sir Feeb. Ay, or a Ghost.

Bel. Where good Sir?

Bea. Ay where? I'd travel a hundred Mile to see a Ghost ———.

Bel. Sure Sir 'twas Fancy ?

Sir Feeb. If 'twere a Fancy, 'twas a strong one, and Ghosts and Fancys are all one, if they can deceive. I tell you——if ever I thought in my Life——I thought I saw a Ghost——Ay and a damnable impudent Ghost too ; he said he was a——a Fellow here——they call *Belmour*.

Bel. How Sir !

Bear. Well I wou'd give the World to see the Devil, provided he were a civil affable Devil, such an one as *Wastalls* Acquaintance is——

Sir Cam. He can show him too soon, it may be. I'm sure as civil as he is, he helps him to steal my Gold I doubt——and to be sure——Gentlemen you say he's a Gamester——I desire when he comes anon, that you wou'd propose to sport a Dye or so——and we'll fall to play for a Teaster, or the like——and if he sets any Money——I shall go near to know my own Gold, by some remarkable Pieces amongst it ; and if he have it, I'll hang him, and then all his six hundred a Year will be my own which I have in Mortgage.

Bea. Let the Captain and I alone to top upon him——mean time Sir I have brought my Musick——to entertain my Mistress with a Song.

Sir Feeb. Take your own Methods Sir——they are at Leisure——while we go drink their Healths within. Adod I long for Night, we are not half in kelter, this damn'd Ghost will not out of my Head yet.

[*Exeunt all but Belmour.*]

Bel. Hah——a Ghost ! What can he mean ? A Ghost, and *Belmour's*.——Sure my good Angel, or my Genius,
In pity of my Love, and of *Leticia*——
But see *Leticia* comes, but still attended——

Enter Leticia, Lady Fulbank, Diana.

——Remember——oh remember to be true !

[*Aside to her passing by, goes out.*]

L. Fulb. I was sick to know with what Christian Patience you bore the Martyrdom of this Night.

Lec. As those condemn'd bear the last Hour of Life.
A short Reprieve I had——and by a kind Mistake.

Diana only was my Bedfellow——

[*weeps.*]

Dia. I wish for your Repose you ne'er had seen my Father. [*weeps.*]

Lec. And so do I, I fear he has undone me——

Dia. And me, in breaking of his Word with *Bredwell*.——

L. Fulb. ——So——as *Trincolo* says wou'd you were both hang'd for me, for putting me in mind of my Husband. For I have e'en no better Luck than either of you——

— Let our two Fates warn your approaching one:
I love young *Bredwell* and must plead for him.

Dia. I know his Vertue justifies my Choice.

But Pride and Modesty forbids I shou'd unlov'd pursue him.

Lee. Wrong not my Brother so who dyes for you —

Dia. Cou'd he so easily see me given away
Without a Sigh at parting?

For all the Day a Calm was in his Eyes,
And unconcern'd he look't and talk't to me.

In dancing never prest my willing Hand,
Nor with a scornful Glance reproacht my Falshood.

Lee. Believe me that Dissembling was his Master-piece.

Dia. Why should he fear, did not my Father promise him?

Lee. Ay that was in his wooing time to me.

But now 'tis all forgotten — [*Adusick at the Door.*]

After which enter Bearjest and Bredwell.

L. Fulb. How now Cousin! Is this high piece of Gallantry from you?

Bea. Ay Madam, I have not travell'd for nothing —

L. Fulb. I find my Cousin is resolv'd to conquer, he assails with all his Artillery of Charms; we'll leave him to his Success Madam — [*Exit Leticia and Lady Fulbank.*]

Bea. Oh Lord Madam you oblige me — look Ned you had a mind to have a full View of my Mistress, Sir, and — here she is [*He stands gazing.*]

Go — salute her — look how he stands now, what a sneaking thing is a Fellow who has never travell'd and seen the World! — Madam — this is a very honest Friend of mine, for all he looks so simply.

Dia. Come he speaks for you, Sir.

Bea. He Madam, tho he be but a Bankers Prentice Madam, he's as pretty a Fellow of his Inches as any i'th' City — he has made Love in Dancing Schools, and to Ladys of Quality in the middle Gallery, and shall joke ye — and repartee with any Foreman within the Walls — prethee to her — and commend me, I'll give thee a new Point Cravat.

Dia. He looks as if he cou'd not speak to me.

Bea. Not speak to you? — yes Gad Madam and do any thing to you too.

Dia. Are you his Advocate Sir? [*In Scorn.*]

Bea. For Want of a better — [*Stands behind him pushing him on.*]

Bred. An Advocate for Love I am,
And bring you such a Message from a Heart —

Bea. Meaning mine dear Madam.

Bred. That when you hear it, you will pity it.

Bea. Or the Devils in her ———

Dia. Sir I have many Reasons to believe
It is my Fortune you pursue, not Person?

Bea. There's something in that I must confess. [*Behind him.*
But say what you will *Ned* ———

Bred. May all the Mischiefs of despairing Love
Fall on me if it be.

Bea. That's well enough ———

Bred. No were you born an humble Village Maid,
That fed a Flock, upon the neighbouring Plain;
With all that shining Vertue in your Soul,
By Heaven I wou'd adore you ——— love you ——— wed you.
Tho' the gay World were lost by such a Nuptial. [*Bea. looks on him.*
—— this ——— I wou'd do were I my Friend the Squire. [*Recollecting.*

Bea. Ay if you were me ——— you might do what you pleas'd;
but I'm of another Mind.

Dia. Shou'd I consent, my Father is a Man whom Interest sways
not Honour, and whatsoever Promises he's made you, he means to
break 'em all, and I am destin'd to another.

Bea. How another — his Name, his Name Madam — here's *Ned*
and I fear ne'er a single Man i'th' Nation. What is he? ———
what is he? ———

Dia. A Fop, a Fool, a beaten Ass ——— a Blockhead.

Bea. What a damn'd Shame's this, that Women shou'd be sacri-
fic'd to Fools, and Fops must run away with Heiresses — whilst
we Men of Wit and Parts — dress and dance, and cock, and travel,
for nothing but to be tame Keepers.

Dia. But I by Heaven will never be that Victim.
But where my Soul is vow'd 'tis fix'd for ever.

Bred. Are you resolv'd, are you confirm'd in this?
Oh my *Diana* speak it o'er again. [*Runs to her and embraces her.*
Bless me and make me happier than a Monarch

Bea. Hold, hold dear *Ned* ——— that's my part I take it.

Bred. Your Pardon Sir, I had forgot my self.

—— But time is short ——— what's to be done in this?

Bea. Done, I'll enter the House with Fire and Sword d'e' see, not
that I care this ——— but I'll not be fob'd off ——— what do they
take me for a Fool ——— an Ass?

Bred. Madam, dare you run the Risk of your Father's Displeasure,
and run away with the Man you love?

Dia. With all my Soul ———

Bea. That's hearty — and we'll do't — *Ned* and I here — and I
love an Amour with an Adventure in't like *Amadis de Gaul* — har-
ky *Ned* ——— get a Coach and fix ready to Night when 'tis dark
at the back Gate ———

Bred.

Bred. And I'll get a Parson ready in my Lodging, to which I have a Key through the Garden by which we may pass unseen.

Bea. Good——Mun here's Company——

Enter Gayman with his Hat with Money in't, Sir Cautious in a Rage—Sir Feeble, Lady Fulbank, Leticia, Captain Noysey, Belmour.

Sir Can. A hundred Pound lost already! Oh Coxcomb, old Coxcomb, and a wife Coxcomb——to turn Prodigal at my Years, whe' I was bewitch'd!

Sir Feeb. Sho, 'twas a Frolick Sir, I have lost a hundred pound as well as you. My Lady has lost, and your Lady has lost, and the rest——what old Cows will kick sometimes, what's a hundred Pound?

Sir Can. A hundred Pound, why 'tis a Sum Sir—a Sum——why what the Devil did I do with a Box and Dice?——

L. Fulb. Why you made a shift to loose Sir? And where's the harm of that? We have lost, and he has won, anon it may be your Fortune.

Sir Can. Ay, but he could never do it fairly, that's certain. Three hundred Pound! why how came you to win so ummercifully Sir?

Gay. Oh the Devil will not loose a Gamester of me——you see Sir.

Sir Can. The Devil!——mark that Gentlemen——

Bea. The Rogue has damn'd Luck sure, he has got a Fly——

Sir Can. And can you have the Conscience to carry away all our Money Sir?

Gay. Most assuredly, unless you have the Courage to retrieve it. I'll set it at a Throw, or any Way, what say you Gentlemen?

Sir Feeb. Ods bobs you young Fellows are too hard for us every Way, and I am engag'd at an old Game with a new Gamester here——who will require all an old Mans Stock.

L. Fulb. Come Cousin will you venture a Guinny——Come Mr. Bredwel——

Gay. Well if no Body dare venture on me I'll send away my Cash——*[They all go to play at the Table but Sir Can. Sir Feeb. and Gay.]*

Sir Can. Hum——must it all go?——a rare Sum, if a Man were but sure the Devil wou'd but stand Neuter now——*[Aside.]*——Sir I wish I had any thing but ready Money to stake——three hundred Pound——a fine Sum!

Gay. You have Moveables Sir, Goods——Commodities——

Sir Can. That's all one Sir; that's Moneys worth Sir; but if I had any thing that were worth nothing——

Gay. You wou'd venture it,——I thank you Sir,——I wou'd your Lady were worth nothing——

Sir *Can.* Why so Sir ?

Gay. Then I wou'd set all this against that Nothing.

Sir *Can.* What set it against my Wife ?

Gay. Wife Sir, Ay your Wife——

Sir *Can.* Hum, my Wife against three hundred pounds? ——
What All my Wife Sir ?

Gay. All your Wife. Why Sir, some part of her wou'd serve my turn.

Sir *Can.* Hum——my Wife——why, if I shou'd loose, he cou'd not have the Impudence to take her—— [*Aside.*

Gay. Well, I find you are not for the Bargain, and so I put up——

Sir *Can.* Hold Sir——why so hasty——my Wife? no——put up your Money Sir——what loose my Wife, for three hundred pounds!——

Gay. Loose her Sir——why she shall be never the worse for my wearing Sir——the old covetous Rogue is considering on't I think——what say you to a Night? I'll set it to a Night——there's none need know it Sir.

Sir *Can.* Hum——a Night!——three hundred pounds for a Night! why what a lavish Whore-master's this: we take Money to marry our Wives, but very seldom part with 'em, and by the Bargain get Money——for a Night say you?——gad if I shou'd take the Rogue at his word, 'twou'd be a pure jest. [*Aside.*

Sir *Feeb.* You are not Mad Brother.

Sir *Can.* No, but I'm wise——and that's as good; let me consider——

Sir *Feeb.* What whether you shall be a Cuckold or not?

Sir *Can.* Or loose three hundred pounds——consider that; a Cuckold——why, 'tis a Word——an empty Sound——'tis Breath——'tis Air——'tis nothing——but three hundred pounds——Lord, what will not three hundred pounds do! You may chance to be a Cuckold for nothing Sir——

Sir *Feeb.* It may be so——but she shall do't discreetly then.

Sir *Can.* Under favour, you're an Ass Brother, this is the discreetest way of doing it, I take it.

Sir *Feeb.* But wou'd a wise man expose his Wife?

Sir *Can.* Why, *Cato* was a wiser man than I, and he lent his Wife to a young Fellow they call'd *Horrensus*, as *Storv* says; and can a wise man have a better President than *Cato*?

Sir *Feeb.* I say *Cato* was an Ass Sir, for obliging any young Rogue of 'em all.

Sir *Can.* But I am of *Cato's* Mind; well, a single Night you say.

Gay. A single Night ~~to have~~ ~~to hold~~ ~~pos-~~
~~sess~~ ~~and so forth at discretion.~~

Sir Can. A Night ~~to have~~ ~~to hold~~ ~~pos-~~
~~sess~~ ~~and so forth at discretion.~~

Sir Feeb. Safe no doubt on't ~~but how sound~~

Gay. And for Non-performance, you shall pay me Three hundred pounds, I'll forswear as much if I tell ~~any~~

Sir Can. Tell? ~~why make your Three hundred pounds six~~
 hundred, and let it be put into the *Gazet*, if you will man ~~but~~
 but is't a Bargain?

Gay. Done ~~Sir Feeb shall be witness~~ ~~and there~~
 stands my Hat. [*Puts down his Hat of Assage, and each of 'em take*
a Box and Dice, and kneel on the Stage, the rest
come about 'em.

Sir Can. ~~He that comes first to One and thirty wins~~
 [*They throw and count.*

L. Fulb. What are you playing for?

Sir Feeb. Nothing, nothing ~~but a Trial of Skill between~~
 an Old man and a Young ~~and your Ladyship is to be Judge.~~

L. Fulb. I shall be partial Sir.

Sir Can. Six and five's eleven

[*Throws* ~~and pulls the Hat towards him.~~

Gay. Cater Tray ~~Pox of the Dice~~

Sir Can. Two fives ~~one and twenty~~

[*Sets up, pulls the Hat nearer.*

Gay. Now Luck ~~Doubles of sixes~~ ~~nineteen.~~

Sir Can. Five and four ~~thirty~~

[*Draws the Hat to him.*

Sir Feeb. Now if he wins it, I'll swear he has a Fly indeed ~~'tis~~
 impossible without Doubles of sixes

Gay. Now Fortune ~~little~~ ~~and for the future frown.~~ [*Throws.*

Sir Can. ~~Hum~~ ~~two sixes~~

[*Rises and looks dolefully round.*

L. Fulb. How now? what's the Matter you look so like an Ass,
 what have you lost?

Sir Can. A Bauble ~~a Bauble~~ ~~'tis not for what I've~~
 lost ~~but because I have not won~~

Sir Feeb. You look very simply Sir ~~what think you of Ca-~~
 rd now?

Sir Can. A wife man may have his Failings

L. Fulb. What has my Husband lost?

Sir Can. Only a small parcel of Ware that lay dead upon my
 hands, Sweet-heart.

Gay. But I shall improve 'em, Madam, I'll warrant you.

L. Fulb. Well, since 'tis no worse, bring in your fine Dancer

Cousin,

Cousin, you say you brought to entertain your Mistress with.

Gay. Sir, You'll take care to see me paid to Night? [Bearjest goes out.]

Sir Caut. Well Sir ——— but my Lady you must know Sir, has the common Frailties of her Sex, and will refuse what she even longs for, if perswaded to't by me.

Gay. 'Tis not in my Bargain to solicit her Sir, you are to procure her ——— for three hundred pounds Sir; chuse you whether.

Sir Caut. Procure her? with all my Soul Sir; alas, you mistake my honest Meaning, I scorn to be so unjust as not to see you a-bed together; and then agree as well as you can, I have done my part ——— in order to this Sir ——— get you but your self conveyed in a Chest to my House, with a Direction upon't for me, and for the rest ———

Gay. I understand you ——— { Enter Bea. with Dancers. All
Sir Feeb. Ralph get Supper ready. } go out but Sir Cautious.

Sir Caut. Well, I must break my Mind, if possible, to my Lady — but if she should be refractory now ——— and make me pay Three hundred pounds ——— why sure she won't have so little Grace ——— Three hundred pounds sav'd, is Three hundred pounds got ——— by our account ——— Cou'd All ———

*Who of this City-Privilege are free,
Hope to be paid for Cuckoldom like me;
Th' unthriving Merchant, whom grey Hair adorns,
Before all Ventures won'd ensure his Horns;
For thus, while He bus lets spare Rooms to hire,
His Wife' rack'd Credit keeps his own entire.*

The End of the Fourth Act.

ACT V.

SCENE I. Sir Cautious his House.

Enter Belmour, alone sad.

Bel. **T**He Night is come, Oh my Leticia!
The longing Bridegroom hastens to his Bed;
Whilst she with all the Languishment of Love,

And

And sad Despair, casts her fair Eyes on me,
Which silently implore, I would deliver her.
But how! Ay, there's the Question ———— *[Pausing.]*
I'll get my self hid in her Bed-Chamber ————
And something I will do ———— may save us yet ————
If all my Arts shou'd fail ———— I'll have recourse *[Draws a Dagger.]*
To this ———— and bear *Leticia* off by Force.
——— But see she comes ————

Enter Lady Fulbank, Sir Cautious, Sir Feeble, Leticia, Bearjeff, Noysley, Gayman. Exit Belmour.

Sir Feeb. Lights there *Ralph*,
And my Lady's Coach there ———— *[Bearjeff goes to Gayman.]*
Bear. Well Sir, remember you have promis'd to grant me my
diabolical Request, in shewing me the Devil ————
Gay. I will not fail you Sir.

L. Fulb. Madam, your Servant; I hope you'll see no more
Ghosts, *Sir Feeble*.

Sir Feeb. No more of that, I beseech you Madam: Prethee *Sir Cautious*
take away your Wife ———— Madam your Servant ————
[All go out after the Light.]

——— Come *Lette*, *Lette*; hasten Rogue, hasten to thy Chamber,
away, here be the young Wenches coming ————
[Purs her out, he goes out.]

Enter Diana, puts on her Hood and Scarfe.

Dia. So — they are gone to Bed; and now for *Bredwel* — the
Coach waits, and I'll take this opportunity.
Fatherfarewel ——— if you dislike my course,
Blame the old rigid Customs of your Force. *[Goes out.]*

SCENE A Bed-Chamber.

Enter Sir Feeble, Leticia and Phillis.

Eet. **A** *H Phillis!* I am fainting with my Fears,
Hast thou no comfort for me? *[He undresses to his Gown.]*
Sir Feeb. Why what art doing there ———— fidle fadling ————
adod. you young Wenches are so loath to come to ———— but
when

when your hands in, you have no mercy upon us poor Husband.

Let. Why do you talk so Sir?

Sir Feeb. Was it an anger'd, at the Fool's Prattle; rum-a-me, tum-a-me, I'll undress it, effage I will. *Roguy.*

Let. You are so wanton Sir, you make me blush.

I will not go to Bed, unless you'll Promise me.

Sir Feeb. No bargaining my little Hussy—what you'll tie my hands behind me, will you?

[She goes to the Table.]

Let. What shall I do?—assist me gentle Maid,

Thy Eyes me-thinks puts on a little hope!

Phil. Take Courage Madam—you guess right—be confident.

Sir Feeb. No whispering Gentlewoman—and putting Tricks into her Head, that shall not cheat me of another Night.

Look on that silly little round Chit-face—

look on those smiling roguish loving Eyes there—look—look how they laugh, twine and tempt—he rogue—I'll buss 'em there,

[As she is at the Toilet he looks over her shoulder, and sees her Face in the Glass.]

and here and every where—Ods bobs—away, this is fooling and spoyling of a man's Stomach, with a Bit here, and a Bit there—to Bed—to Bed.

Let. Oo you first Sir, I will but stay to say my Prayers, which are that Heaven wou'd deliver me.

[Aside.]

Sir Feeb. Say thy Prayers?—what art thou mad, Prayers upon thy Wedding-night? a short Thanksgiving or so—but Prayers quoth a—'Sbobs you'll have time enough for that—I doubt.

Let. I am asham'd to undress before you Sir, go to Bed.

Sir Feeb. What was it asham'd to shew its little white Foots, and its little round Bubbys—well I'll go, I'll go—I cannot think on't, no I cannot.

[Going towards the Bed.]

Belmour comes forth from between the Curtains, his Coat off, his Shirt bloody, a Dagger in his hand, and his Disguise off.

Bel. Stand.

Sir Feeb. Hah.

Let. and *Phil.* squeak—Oh Heavens—why is it Belmour?

[Aside to Phil.]

Bel. Go not to Bed, I guard this Sacred Place, And the Adulterer dies that enters here.

Sir Feeb. Oh—why do I shake—sure I'm a Man? what art thou?

Bel. I am the wrong'd, the lost, and murder'd Belmour.

Sir Feeb. O Lord! it is the same I saw last Night—oh! hold thy dread Vengeance—pity me, and hear me—oh! a Parson—what shall I do—oh! where shall I hide my self.

Bel.

Bel. I'th' utmost Borders of the Earth I'll find thee——
 Seas shall not hide thee, nor vast Mountains guard thee.
 Even in the depth of Hell, I'll find thee out,
 And lash thy filthy and Adulterous Soul. 102

Sir Feeb. Oh! I am dead, I'm dead, will no Repentance save me——'twas that young Eye that tempted me to sin; oh!——

Bel. See fair Seducer, what thou'st made me do,
 Look on this bleeding Wound, it reach'd my Heart,
 To pluck my dear tormenting Image thence,
 When News arriv'd that thou hadst broke thy Vow.

Sir Feeb. Oh Lord! oh!——I'm glad he's dead tho'.

Lec. Oh hide that fatal Wound, my tender Heart faints with a
 Sight so horrid! [Seems to weep.]

Sir Feeb. So she'll clear her self and leave me in the Devil's
 Clutches.

Bel. You've both offended Heav'n, and must repent or dye.

Sir Feeb. Ah——I do confess I was an old Fool——be-
 witcht with Beauty, besott'd with Love, and do repent most
 heartily.

Bel. No, you had rather yet go on in Sin:
 Thou wou'dst live on, and be a baff'd Cuckold.

Sir Feeb. Oh, not for the World Sir: I am convinc'd and mortifi'd.

Bel. Maintain her fine, undo thy Peace to please her, and still
 be Cuckol'd on——believe her——trust her, and be Cuc-
 kold still.

Sir Feeb. I see my Folly——and my Ages Dotage——and
 find the Devil was in me——yet spare my Age——ah!
 spare me to repent.

Bel. If thou repent'st, renounce her, fly her sight;——
 Shun her bewitching Charms, as thou wou'dst Hell;
 Those dark eternal Mansions of the dead——
 Whither I must descend.

Sir Feeb. Oh——wou'd he were gone!——

Bel. Fly——be gone——depart, vanish for ever from her to some
 more safe and innocent Apartment.

Sir Feeb. Oh that's very hard!—— [He goes back trembling,
Belmour follows in with his Dagger up; both go out.]

Lec. Blest be this kind Release, and yet me-thinks it grieves me
 to consider how the poor Old man is frightened.

[Belmour re-enters, puts on his Coat.]

Bel.——He's gone, and lockt himself into his Chamber——
 And now my dear *Lecia* let us fly——

*Despair till now, did my wild Heart invade,
 But pining Love has the rough Storm allay'd.*

[Exeunt.]

SCENE

SCENE II. *Sir Cautious his Garden.*

Enter two Porters and Rag bearing Gayman in a Chest. Set it down; he comes forth with a dark Lanthorn.

Gay. Set down the Chest behind yon' Hedge of Roses — and then put on those Shapes I have appointed you — and be sure you well-favour'dly bang both *Bearjest* and *Noysey*; since they have a Mind to see the Devil.

Rag. Oh Sir leave 'em to us for that, and if we do not play the Devil with 'em, we deserve they shou'd beat us. But Sir we are in *Sir Cautious* his Garden, will not he sue us for a Trespass?

Gay. I'll bear you out; be ready at my Call. [*Exeunt.*]

—— Let me see —— I have got no ready Stuff to banter with —— but no Matter any Giberish will serve the Fools —— 'tis now about the Hour of ten —— but Twelve is my appointed lucky Minute, when all the Blessings that my Soul cou'd wish Shall be resign'd to me.

Enter Bredwel.

—— Hah who's there, *Bredwel*?

Bred. Oh are you come Sir —— and can you be so kind to a poor Youth, to favour his Designs and bless his Days?

Gay. Yes, I am ready here with all my Devils, both to secure you your Mistress, and to cudgel your Captain and Squire, for abusing me behind my Back so basely.

Bred. 'Twas most unmanly Sir, and they deserve it —— I wonder that they come not?

Gay. How durst you trust her with him?

Bred. Because 'tis dangerous to steal a City Heiress, and let the Theft be his —— so the dear Maid be mine ——

Hark —— sure they come ——

Enter Bearjest; runs against Bredwell.

—— Who's there, Mr. *Bearjest*?

Bear. Whose that, *Ned*? —— Well I have brought my Mistress —— hast thou got a Parson ready —— and a License?

Bred. Ay, ay —— but where's the Lady?

Bear. In the Coach, with the Captain at the Gate. I came before to see if the Coast be clear.

Bred.

Bred. Ay Sir—but what shall we do—here's Mr. *Gayman* come on purpose to shew you the Devil, as you desir'd.

Bea. Shoh! a Pox of the Devil Man—I can't intend to speak with him now.

Gay. How Sir? d'ye think my Devil of so little Quality to suffer an Affront unreveng'd?

Bea. Sir I cry his Devilships Pardon: I did not know his Quality---I protest Sir I love and honour him, but I am now just going to be married Sir, and when that Ceremony's past, I'm ready to go to the Devil as soon as you please.

Gay. I have told him your Desire of seeing him, and shou'd you baffle him?

Bea. Who I Sir? Pray let his Worship know, I shall be proud of the Honour of his Acquaintance; but Sir my Mistress and the Parson waits in *Neds* Chamber.

Gay. If all the World wait Sir, the Prince of Hell will stay for no Man.

Bred. Oh Sir rather then the Prince of the Infernals shall be affronted, I'll conduct the Lady up, and entertain her till you come Sir.

Bea. Nay I have a great Mind to kiss his—Paw Sir, but I cou'd with you'd shew him me by Day-light Sir.

Gay. The Prince of Darkness does abhor the Light. But Sir I will for once allow your Friend the Captain to keep you Company.

Enter Noysey and Diana.

Bea. I'm much oblig'd to you Sir, oh Captain— [*Talks to him.*

Bred.——Haste Dear; the Parson waits,
To finish what the Pow'rs design'd above.

Dia. Sure nothing is so bold as Maids in Love! [*They go out.*

Noy. Phoh! he conjure—he can fly as soon.

Gay. Gentlemen you must be sure to confine your selves to this Circle, and have a Care you neither swear, nor pray.

Bea. Pray, Sir? I dare say neither of us were ever that Way gifted.

A horrid Noise.

Gay. Cease your Horror, cease your Hast.
And calmly as I saw you last,
Appear! Appear!
By thy Pearls and Diamond Rocks,
By thy heavy Money Box.

By thy shining Petticoat,
 That hid thy cloven Feet from Note.
 By the Veil that hid thy Face,
 Which else had frighten'd humane Race.
 Appear, that I thy Love may see, [Soft Musick ceases.
 Appear kind Fiends, appear to me!
 [A Pox of these Rascals why come they not.

Four enter from the four Corners of the Stage to Musick that plays, they dance, and in the Dance, dance round 'em, and kick, pinch, and beat 'em.

Bear. Oh enough, enough! Good Sir lay 'em and I'll pay the Musick——

Gay. I wonder at it——these Spirits are in their Nature kind, and peaceable——and you have basely injur'd some body——and then they will be satisfi'd——

Bear. Oh good Sir take your *Cerberuses* off——I do confess the Captain here and I have violated your Fame.

Noy. Abus'd you——and traduc'd you,——and thus we beg your Pardon——

Gay. Abus'd me? 'Tis more than I know Gentlemen.

Bea. But it seems your Friend the Devil does.

Gay. By this time *Bredwel's* marry'd.

——Great *Pantamogan* hold for I am satisfi'd [Exit Devils.

And thus undo my Charm—— [Takes away the Circle, they run out.

——so——the Fools are gone, and now to *Julia's* Arms [going.

SCENE *Lady Fulbank's Anti-chamber.*

She discover'd undrest at her Glass. Sir Cautious undrest.

L. Fulb. **B**Ut why to Night? indeed you're wonderous kind me-thinks.

Sir Can. Why I don't know——a Wedding is a sort of an Alarm to Love; it calls up every Man's Courage.

L. Fulb. Ay but will it come when 'tis call'd?

Sir Can. I doubt you'll find it to my Grief—— [Aside.

——But I think 'tis all one to thee, thou can'st not for my Complement; no, thou'dst rather have a young Fellow.

L. Fulb. I am not us'd to flatter much; if forty Years were taken from your Age, 'twou'd render you something more agreeable to my Bed, I must confess.

Sir *Can.* Ay, ay, no doubt on't.

L. *Fulb.* Yet you may take my Word without an Oath, were you as old as Time, and I were young and gay as *April Flow'rs*, Which all are fond to gather ; My Beautys all shou'd wither in the Shade, E'er I'd be worn in a dishonest Bosom.

Sir *Can.* Ay but you're wondrous free methinks — sometimes, which gives shrewd Suspitions.

L. *Fulb.* What, because I can not simper — look demure, and justify my Honour when none questions it.

— Cry fie, and out upon the naughty Women, Because they please themselves — and so would I.

Sir *Can.* How, wou'd, what cuckold me?

L. *Fulb.* Yes, if it pleas'd me better than Vertue Sir. But I'll not change my Freedom and my Humour, To purchase the dull Fame of being Honest.

Sir *Can.* Ay but the World, the World —

L. *Fulb.* I value not the Censures of the Crowd.

Sir *Can.* But I am old.

L. *Fulb.* That's your Fault Sir, not mine.

Sir *Can.* But being so, if I shou'd be good-natur'd and give thee leave to love discreetly? —

L. *Fulb.* I'd do't without your leave Sir.

Sir *Can.* Do't — what — cuckold me?

L. *Fulb.* No, love discreetly Sir, love as I ought, love Honestly.

Sir *Can.* What in Love with any Body, but your own Husband?

L. *Fulb.* Yes.

Sir *Can.* Yes quoth a — is that your loving as you ought? —

L. *Fulb.* We can not help our Inclinations Sir,
No more than Time, or Light from coming on —
But I can keep my Vertue Sir intire.

Sir *Can.* What I'll warrant this is your first Love *Gayman*?

L. *Fulb.* I'll not deny that Truth, tho even to you.

Sir *Can.* Why in Consideration of my Age and your Youth, I'd bear a Conscience — provided you do things wisely.

L. *Fulb.* Do what thing Sir?

Sir *Can.* You know what I mean —

L. *Fulb.* Hah — I hope you wou'd not be a Cuckold Sir?

Sir *Can.* Why — truly in a civil Way — or so. —

L. *Fulb.* There is but one Way Sir to make me hate you ;
And that wou'd be tame Suffering.

Sir *Can.* Nay and she be thereabouts, there's no discovering —

L. *Fulb.* But leave this fond Discourse — and if you must —
Let us to Bed —

Sir *Can.* Ay, ay — I did but try your Vertue, mun — dost think

think I was in earnest?

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir here's a Chest directed to your Worship.

Sir Can. Hum——'tis *Wastall*——now does my Heart fail me——a Chest say you?——to me?——so late——I'll warrant it comes from Sir *Nicholas Smuggle*——some prohibited Goods that he has stoln the Custom of, and cheated his Majesty——well he's an honest Man, bring it in—— *[Exit Servant.]*

L. Fulb. What into my Apartment Sir, a nasty Chest!

Sir Can. By all Means——for if the Searchers come——they'll never be so uncivil to ransack thy Lodgings——and we are bound in Christian Charity to do for one another——Some rich Commodities I am sure——and some fine Knick-knack will fall to thy share I'll warrant thee——Pox on him for a young Rogue, how punctual he is!—— *[Aside.] [Enter with the Chest.]*

——Go my Dear, go to Bed——I'll send Sir *Nicholas* a Receipt for the Chest, and be with thee presently—— *[Exit severally.]*

Gayman peeps out of the Chest, and looks round him wondering——

Gay. Hah, where am I? By Heaven my last Nights Vision——'Tis that enchanted Room and yonder the Alcove! Sure 'twas indeed some Witch, who knowing of my Infidelity——has by Inchantment brought me hither——'tis so——I am betray'd—— *[Pauses.]*
Hah! or was it *Julia*! That last Night gave me that lone Opportunity——but hark I hear some coming—— *[Shuts himself in.]*

Enter Sir Cautious.

Sir Can. *Lifting up the Chest Lid.* So you are come I see——

Gay. Hah——he here, nay then I was deceiv'd, and it was *Julia* that last Night gave me the dear Affignation. *[Goes and locks the Door.]*

[Aside.] Sir Cautious peeps into the Bedchamber.
L. Fulb. Within. Come Sir *Cautious*——I shall fall asleep and then you'll waken me——

Sir Can. Ay my Dear I'm coming——she's in Bed——I'll go put out the Candle, and then——

Gay. Ay I'll warrant you for my Part——

Sir Can. Ay——but you may over-act your Part and spoil all——but Sir I hope you'll use a Christian Conscience in this Business.

Gay. Oh doubt not Sir, but I shall do you Reason.

Sir Can. Ay Sir, but——

Gay. Good Sir no more Cautions, you unlike a fair Gamester
Will rook me out of half my Night—I am impatient—

Sir Can. Good Lord are you so hasty; if I please you shan't go at
all.

Gay. With all my Soul Sir, pay me three hundred Pound Sir—

[Aside.

Sir Can. Lord Sir you mistake my candid Meaning still. I am
content to be a Cuckold Sir—but I won't have things done decent-
ly, d'ye mind me?

Gay. As decently as a Cuckold can be made Sir.

——— But no more Disputes I pray Sir.

Sir Can. I'm gone—I'm gone—but harky Sir—you'll rise before
Day?

[Going out, returns.

Gay. Yet again———

Sir Can. I vanish Sir———but harky———you'll not speak a
Word? But let her think 'tis I?

Gay. Be gone I say Sir———
I am convinc'd last Night I was with Julia.
Oh Sot———insensible and dull———

[He runs out.

Enter softly Sir Cautious.

Sir Can. So———the Candle's out———give me your Hand.
[Leads him softly in.

SCENE *Changes to a Bed-Chamber.*

*Lady Fulbank suppos'd in Bed. Enter Sir Cautious and
Gayman by Dark.*

Sir Can. Where are you my Dear? [Leads him to the Bed.

L. Fulb. Where shou'd I be———in Bed, what are you by
Dark?

Sir Can. Ay the Candle went out by Chance. [Gayman signs to
him to be gone, he makes grimaces as loath to go, and Exit.

SCENE *draws over and represents another Room in the Jame House.*

Enter Parson, Diana, and Pert dress'd in Diana's Cloaths.

Dia. I'll swear Mrs. *Pert* you look very prettily in my Cloaths ; and since you Sir have convinc'd me that this innocent Deceit is not unlawful, I am glad to be the Instrument of advancing Mrs. *Pert* to a Husband, she already has so just a Claim to.

Par. Since she has so firm a Contract, I pronounce it a lawful Marriage——but hark they are coming sure——

Dia. Pull your Hoods down—— and keep your Face from the Light. [*Diana runs out.*]

Enter Bearjest, and Noylie disorder'd.

Bea. Madam I beg your Pardon—— I met with a most divellish Adventure,——your Pardon too Mr. Doctor, for making you wait—— but the Business is this Sir,—— I have a great Mind to lye with this young Gentlewoman to Night, but she swears if I do, the Parson of the Parish shall know it——

Parf. If I do Sir, I shall keep Counsel.

Bea. And that's civil Sir,—— come lead the Way,
With such a Guide, the Devil's in't, if we can go astray.

SCENE *changes to the Anti-chamber.*

Enter Sir Cautious.

Sir Cau. **N**OW cannot I sleep! But am as restless as a Merchant in stormy Weather, that has ventur'd all his Wealth in one Bottom.—— Woman is a leaky Vessel —— if she should like the Young Rogue now, and they shou'd come to a right Understanding—— why then am I a—— Wital—— that's all, and shall be put in Print at *Snow-hill* with my Effigies o'th'top like the Sign of Cuckolds Haven—— hum—— they'r damnable silent—— pray Heaven he have not murder'd her, and rob'd her—— hum—— hark, what's that?—— a Noise—— he has broke his Covenant with me, and shall forfeit the Money—— how loud they are? Ay, ay, the Plots discover'd, what shall I do—— Why—the

the Devil is not in her sure to be refractory now and peevish, if she be I must pay my Money yet ——— and that wou'd be a damn'd thing ——— sure they're coming out ——— I'll retire and harken how 'tis with them. [Retires.]

Enter Lady Fulbank undrest ——— Gayman half undrest upon his Knees, following her, holding her Gown

L. Fulb. Oh! You unkind ——— what have you made me do? Unhand me false Deceiver ——— let me loose ———

Sir Can. Made her do? ——— so, so ——— 'tis done ——— I'm glad of that ——— [Aside, peeping.]

Gay. Can you be angry *Julia*! Because I only seiz'd my Right of Love.

L. Fulb. And must my Honour be the Price of it? Cou'd nothing but my Fame reward your Passion?

——— What make me a base Prostitute, a foul Adulteress, Oh ——— be gone, be gone ——— dear Robber of my Quiet. [Weeping.]

Sir Can. Oh fearful! ———

Gay. Oh! Calm your Rage and hear me; if you are so, You are an innocent Adulteress. It was the feeble Husband you enjoy'd In cold Imagination, and no more, Shyly you turn'd away ——— faintly resign'd.

Sir Can. Hum ——— did she so ———

Gay. Till my Excess of Love ——— betray'd the Cheat.

Sir Can. Ay, ay that was my Fear ———

L. Fulb. Away ——— be gone ——— I'll never see you more ———

Gay. You may as well forbid the Sun to shine. Not see you more! ——— Heavens! I before ador'd you But now I rave! And with my impatient Love, A thousand mad, and wild Desires are Burning! I have discover'd now new Worlds of Charms. And can no longer tamely love and suffer.

Sir Can. So ——— I have brought an old House upon my Head. Intail'd Cuckoldom upon my self.

L. Fulb. I'll hear no more ——— *Sir Cautious* ——— where's my Husband? Why have you left my Honour thus unguarded?

Sir Can. Ay, ay, she's well enough pleas'd I fear for all that.

Gay. Base as he is, 'twas he expos'd this Treasure. Like silly *Indians* barter'd thee for Trifles.

Sir Can. Oh treacherous Villain! ———

L. Fulb. Hah ——— my Husband do this?

Gay. He by Love, he was the kind Procurer,

Contriv'd the Means, and brought me to thy Bed.

L. Fulb. My Husband? My wife Husband!

What Fondness in my Conduct had he been,
To take so shameful and so base Revenge.

Gay. None——'twas filthy Avarice seduc'd him to't.

L. Fulb. If he could be so barbarous to expose me,
Could you who lov'd me——be so cruel too!

Gay. What——to possess thee when the Bliss was offer'd,
Possess thee too without a Crime to thee.
Charge not my Soul with so remiss a Flame,
So dull a Sense of Vertue to refuse it.

L. Fulb. I am convinc'd the Fault was all my Husbands——
And here I vow——by all things just and sacred,
To separate for ever from his Bed.

Sir Can. Oh I am not able to induce it—— [Kneels.
Hold——oh hold my dear—— [He kneels as she rises.

L. Fulb. Stand off——I do abhor thee——

Sir Can. With all my Soul——but do not make rash Vows.
They break my very Heart——regard my Reputation!

L. Fulb. Which you have had such Care of Sir already——
Rise, 'tis in vain you kneel.

Sir Can. No——I'll never rise again——Alas! Madam I was
meerly drawn in, I only thought to sport a Dye or so——I had
only an innocent Design to have discover'd whether this Gentleman
had stol'n my Gold——that so I might have hang'd him——

Gay. A very Innocent Design indeed.

Sir Can. Ay Sir, that's all, as I'm an honest man——

L. Fulb. I've sworn, nor are the Stars more fixt than I.

Enter Servant.

Serv. How! my Lady and his Worship up?

——Madam, a Gentleman, and a Lady below in a Coach knockt
me up, and say they must speak with your Ladyship.

L. Fulb. This is strange!——bring 'em up—— [Exit Servant.
Who can it be at this odd time of neither Night nor Day?

Enter Leticia——Belmour and Phillis.

Lec. Madam, your Vertue, Charity and Friendship to me, has
made me trespass on you for my Lives Security, and beg you will
pote it me——and my Husband——

Sir Can. So——here's another sad Catastrophe!

L. Fulb. Hah——does Belmour live, is't possible?
Believe me Sir, you ever had my Wishes.

And

And shall not fail of my Protection now.

Bel. Humbly thank your Ladyship.

Gay. I'm glad thou hast her *Harry* but doubt thou dar'st not own her; nay, dar'st not own thy self.

Bel. Yes Friend, I have my Pardon.

But hark, I think we are pursu'd already.

But now I fear no force. *[A noise of some body coming in.]*

L. Fulb. However step into my Bed-chamber.

[Exeunt Leticia, Gayman and Phillis.]

Enter Sir Feeble in an Antick manner.

Sir Feeb. Hell shall not hold thee——nor vast Mountains cover thee, but I will find thee out——and lash thy filthy and Adulterous Carcase. *[Coming up in a menacing manner to Sir Cau.]*

Sir Cau. How——lash my filthy Carcase?——I defy thee Satan——

Sir Feeb. 'Twas thus he said.

Sir Cau. Let who's will say it, he lies in's Throat.

Sir Feeb.—How! the Ghostly——hush——have a care——for 'twas the Ghost of *Belmour*——oh! hide that bleeding Wound, it chills my Soul!——*[Runs to the Lady Fulbank.]*

L. Fulb. What bleeding Wound?——Heav'n's are you frantick Sir?

Sir Feeb. No—but for want of rest——I shall e'er Morning. *[Weeps.]*
—She's gone——she's gone——she's gone——*[He weeps.]*

Sir Cau. Ay, Ay, she's gone, she's gone indeed. *[Sir Cau. weeps.]*

Sir Feeb.——But let her go——so I may never see that dreadful Vision——harky Sir——a Word in your Ear——have a care of marrying a young Wife.

Sir Cau. Ay, but I have married one already. *[Weeping.]*

Sir Feeb. Hast thou? Divorce her——flye her, quick——depart——be gone, she'll Cuckold thee——and still she'll Cuckold thee——

Sir Cau. Ay Brother, but whose fault was that?——Why, are not you married?

Sir Feeb. Mum——no Words on't, unless you'll have the Ghost about your Ears; Part with your Wife I say, or else the Devil will part ye.

L. Fulb. Pray go to Bed Sir?

Sir Feeb. Yes, for I shall sleep now, I shall ly alone; *[Weeps.]*
Ah Fool, old dull belov'd Fool——to think she'd love me——'twas by base means I gain'd her——couzened an honest Gentleman——of Fame and Life——

L. Fulb. You did so Sir, but 'tis not past Redress——you may make

make that honest Gentleman amends.

Sir Feeb. Oh wou'd I cou'd, so I gave half my Estate——

L. Fulb. —— That Penitence atones with him and Heaven.
—— Come forth *Leticia*, and your injur'd Ghost.

Sir Feeb.—— Hah Ghost——another Sight wou'd make me mad indeed.

Bel. Behold me Sir, I have no Terror now.

Sir Feeb. Hah——who's that *Francis*?——my Nephew *Francis*?

Bel. *Belmour*—— or *Francis*——chuse you which you like,
and I am either.

Sir Feeb. Hah, *Belmour*! and no Ghost?

Bel. *Belmour*—— and not your Nephew Sir.

Sir Feeb. But art alive? Ods bobs I'm glad on't Sirrah,

—— But are you real *Belmour*?

Bel. As sure as I'm no Ghost.

Gay. We all can Witness for him Sir.

Sir Feeb. Where be the Minstrels, we'll have a Dance——adod
we will——ah——art thou there thou couzening little Chits-
face?——a Vengeance on thee——thou madest me an old Dot-
ing loving Coxcomb——but I forgive thee——and give
thee all thy Jewels, and you your Pardon Sir, so you'll give me
mine; for I find you young Knaves will be too hard for us.

Bel. You are so generous Sir, that 'tis almost with grief I re-
ceive the Blessing of *Leticia*.

Sir Feeb. No, no, thou deserv'st her, she wou'd have made an old
fond Blockhead of me——and one way or other you wou'd have
had her——ods bobs you wou'd——

Enter Bearjest, Diana, Pert, Bredwel and Noysey.

Bear. Justice Sir, Justice——I have been cheated——abused——
Assassinated and Ravisht!

Sir Can. How my Nephew ravisht?——

Pert. No Sir, I am his Wife.

Sir Can. Hum——my Heir marry a Chamber-Maid!

Bear. Sir, you must know I stole away Mrs. *Dy*, and brought
her to *Nea*'s Chamber here——to marry her.

Sir Feeb. My Daughter *Dy* stoln——

Bear. But I being to go to the Devil a little Sir; whip——
what does he, but marrys her himself Sir; and fob'd me off
here with my Ladys cast Petticoat——

Noy. Sir, she's a Gentlewoman, and my Sister Sir.

Pert. Madam, 'twas a pious Fraud, if it were one; for I was
contracted to him before——see here it is—— [*Gives it 'em.*

All. A plain Case, a plain Case.

Sir Feeb. Hark'y' Sir, have you had the Impudence to marry my
Daughter Sir?

[*To Bredwel, who wish Diana kneels.*

Bred.

Bred. Yes Sir, and humbly ask your Pardon, and your Blessing—

Sir Feeb. You will ha't, whether I will or not——rise——
you are still too hard for us, Come Sir forgive your Nephew—

Sir Can. Well Sir, I will——but all this while you little
think the Tribulation I am in, my Lady has forsworn my Bed.

Sir Feeb. Indeed Sir, the wiser she.

Sir Can. For only performing my Promise to this Gentleman.

Sir Feeb. Ay, you show'd her the Difference Sir, you'r a wise
man. Come dry your Eyes——and rest your self contented,
we are a couple of old Coxcombs: d'e hear Sir Coxcombs.

Sir Can. I grant it Sir, and if I dye Sir——I bequeath my
Lady to you——with my whole Estate——my Nephew
has too much already for a Fool. [To Gayman.]

Gay. I thank you Sir——do you consent my *Julia*?

L. Fulb. No Sir——you do not like me——a canvass
Bag of wooden Ladles were a better Bed-fellow.

Gay. Cruel Tormentor! oh I cou'd kill my self with Shame and
Anger!

L. Fulb. Come hither *Bredwel*——witness for my Honour——
that I had no Design upon his Person, but that of trying of his
Constancy.

Bred. Believe me Sir, 'tis true——I feigned a danger near——
just as you got to Bed——and I was the kind Devil Sir, that
brought the Gold to you.

Bear. And you were one of the Devils that beat me, and the
Captain here Sir?

Gay. No truly Sir, those were some I hired——to beat you for
abusing me to day——

Noy. To make you 'mends Sir, I bring you the certain News of
the Death of *Sir Thomas Gayman* your Uncle, who has left you
Two thousand pounds a year.

Gay. I thank you Sir——I heard the news before.

Sir Can. How's this; Mr *Gayman*, my Lady's first Lover? I
find *Sir Feeble* we were a Couple of old Fools indeed, to think at
our Age to couzen two lusty young Fellows of their Mistresses;
'tis no wonder that both the Men and the Women have been too
hard for us, we are not fit Matches for either, that's the truth
on't.

*That Warrior needs must to his Rival yield,
Who comes with blunted Weapons to the Field:*

Epilogue.

EPILOGUE

Written by a Person of Quality, spoken
by Mr. Betterton.

Long have we turn'd the Point of our just Rage
On the half Wits, and Criticks of the Age.
Oft has the soft, Insipid Sonneteer
In Nice and Flutter, seen his Fop-face here.
Well was the Ignorant Lampooning Pack
Of Shatterhead Rhimers whipt on Crassey's back;
But such a trouble Weed is Poetaſter,
The lower 'tis cut down, it grows the faster.
Tho Satyr then had such a plenteous Crop,
An After Mach of Coxcombs is come up.
Who not content false Po'try to renew,
By sottish Censures wou'd condemn the true.
Let writing like a Gentleman — fine appear,
But must you needs judge too en Cavalier?
These whiffing Critticks, 'tis our Authress fears,
And humbly begs a Tryal by her Peers:
Or let a Pole of Fools her Fate pronounce,
There's no great harm in a good quiet Dunce.
But shield her, Heaven! from the left-handed Blow
Of Airy Blockheads, who pretend to know.
On downright Dulness let her rather split,
Than be Fop-mangl'd under colour of Wit.
Hear me ye Scribling Beaus, —
Why will you in shier Rhime, without one stroke
Of Poetry, Lady's just Disdain provoke,
And address Songs, to whom you never spoke. }
In doleful Hymns for dying Fellons fit,
Why do you tax their Eyes, and blame their Wit?

*Unjustly of the Inn'cent you complain,
 'Tis Bulk'ers give, and Tubs must cure your Pain.
 Why in Lampoons will you your selves revile?
 'Tis true, none else will think it worth their while :
 But thus you're hid ! oh, 'tis a Politick Fetch :
 So some have hang'd themselves, to ease Jack Ketch.
 Justly your Friends and Mistresses you blame,
 For being so they well deserve the Shame,
 'Tis the worst Scandal to have born that Nam. }
 At Poetry of late, and such whose Skill } See the late
 Excels your own, you dart a feeble Quill ; } Satyr on
 Well may you rail at what you Ape so ill. } Poetry.
 With vertuous Women, and all Men of Worth,
 You're in a state of Mortal War by Birth.
 Nature in all her Atome Fights ne'er knew
 Two things so opposite as Them and You.
 On such your Muse her utmost Fury spends,
 They'r slander'd worse than any but your Friends.
 More Tears may teach you better, the mean while,
 If you can't mend your Morals, mend your Stile.*

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